

Spree Spree

VOL. 1, NO. 8

50 Cents



SEE INSIDE:

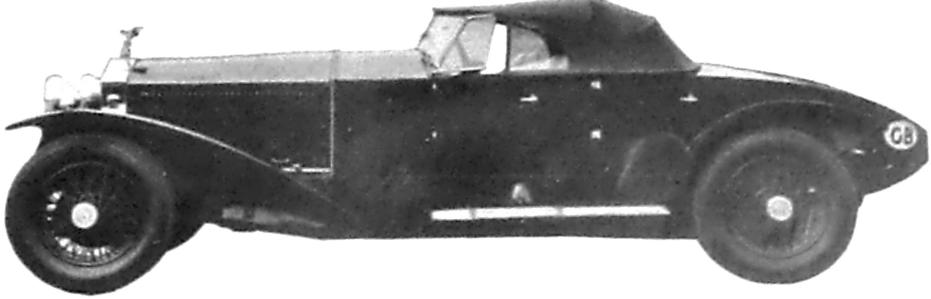
**AN EXERCISE
IN SEDUCTION**



interested in bare-hunting? (See Page 32)



VOL. 1, NO. 8



Spree

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COVER PHOTO BY RON VOGEL

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ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY GARO

**His own passion and
frustration met
an equal in a
darkened
room**

HE stood in the shadows in the corner of the room and watched her as she slept. She tossed fitfully for awhile and then she settled down to a restful, quiet slumber. He couldn't hear her breathe but he watched the steady, rhythmic rise and fall of her breasts which lay half exposed beneath the sheet.

He wanted to touch them.

He wanted to awaken her and tell her that he loved her. Perhaps she would understand and guide his hands while he kissed and caressed her. He had wanted her for so long . . .

They had met but once, then for only a fleeting moment. He had been deep in thought, when he bumped into her as she was coming out of the market with an armful of groceries. Together, they had laughed and gathered the spilled cans and the vegetables and she thanked him when he offered to help her home with her ungainly load.

They had laughed about the accident and made little jokes about what the neighbors were going to say when she brought a man home carrying groceries. She was so lovely walking beside him that she could have asked him for the moon, and he would have tried to get it for her. It was when they reached the door to her apartment and she gazed on his face at close quarters that she saw it! The smile left her face, as she stammered her thanks and hurriedly shut the door, leaving him in the hall, dazed, ashamed, angry.

After that, he had followed her at a safe distance whenever he could do so without being seen by her. He had purchased a dozen keys, until he found one which would fit into the lock on her door. It was almost a week before he finally had the key filed away so that it turned the lock and opened the door to her room. He had spent hours in her room, touching her clothes; smelling her perfume, and listening for any sign that would mean she was arriving home earlier than usual. This had gone on for five months. Now, when he felt he could no longer go on without her, he had decided on this final course of action. At first, he had tried to dismiss the thought, but it came back stronger than before.

There could be no other way! If only the shell which exploded on that Korean hill had killed him . . . but no, it had to leave him alive: All it did was tear half his face off, and give four Navy surgeons months of plastic surgery practice. They kept telling him how lucky he was to be alive, and they almost had him believing it, until they took the bandages off. He saw the expression of the nurse, the revulsion in her eyes.

Then, in the mirror, he saw it!

They had rebuilt his face but they had left an ugly, red scar to remind him of how lucky he was still to be breathing!

From that day on, he had held that side of his face away from the light. Women were a dream of the past, because he could not bear that look in their eyes, when they saw his heroic momento.

Life had been almost normal until the accident with the groceries. She became an obsession and a frustration. He was madly in love with her, but

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**THE
GIRL
IN THE
BED**

by Roy McCann



PHOTOS BY RON VOGEL

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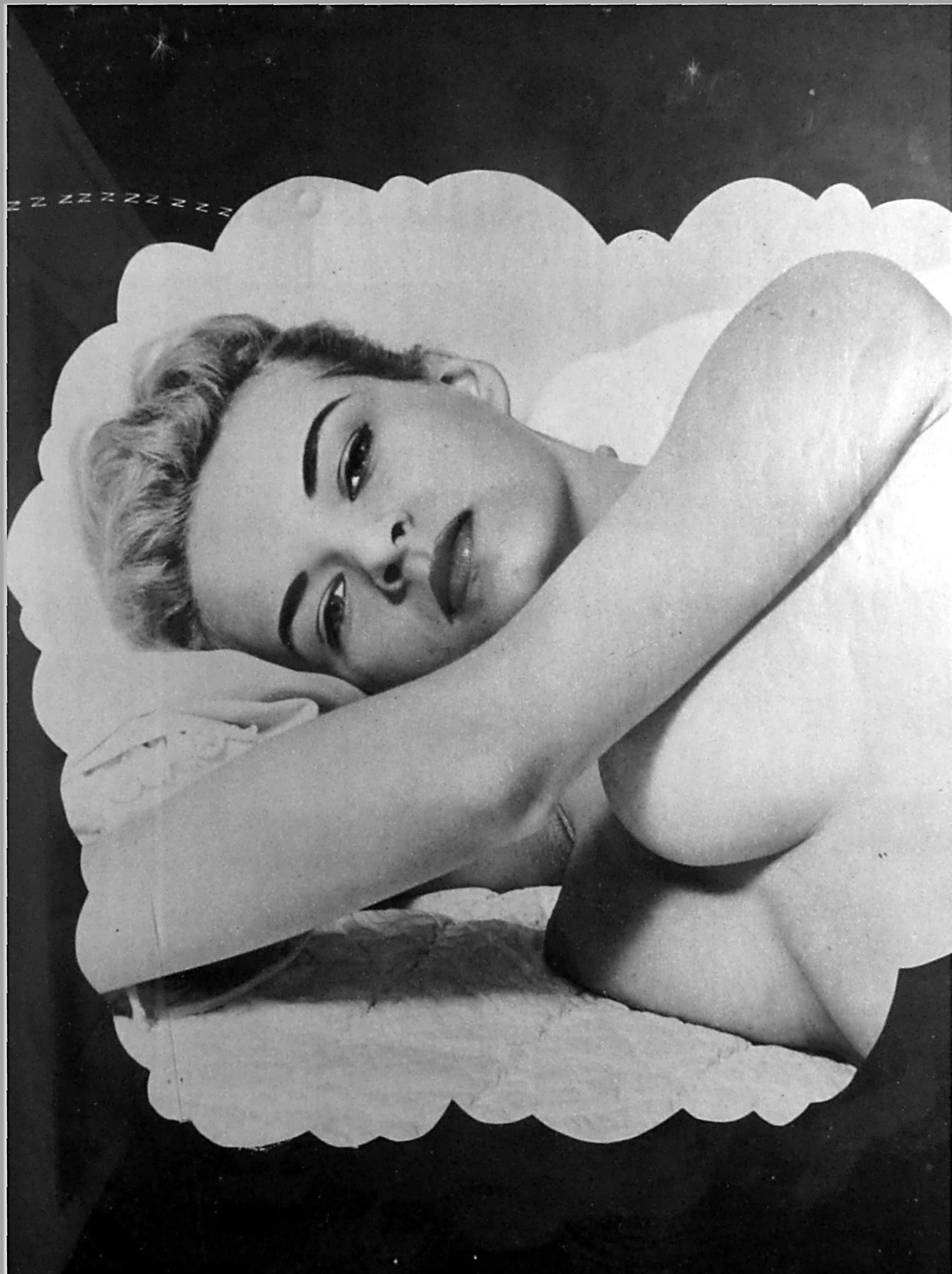
our dream girl, susan woods, yearns for the arms of morphine.



We make no claims at this being a sure cure for sleeplessness, but it is obvious that any male insomniac could be cheerful about staying awake nights if he had Susan to comfort him and tell him bedtime stories. In fact, should the luscious Miss Woods invade the bedroom in place of the legendary sandman, sleep could well become old-fashioned!

sawing logs is easy work for miss woods from dreamsville





the passing of



by Bob Dykeman

passion

With
only one
woman
left
on earth,
was
the risk
for
her
favors
too
great?

ON the morning of June 1, 1959, Dr. Teruzu Tatsugami, an obscure physician in the Prefecture of Naha, Japan, looked up from an outline of his day's itinerary and stared in puzzlement at his nurse.

Within minutes, doctors all over the world were offering equally puzzled observations in French, Russian, Greek, Swahili, Spanish, Hindustani and dozens of other languages. "It's funny," they said to their nurses, "but we haven't had a pregnancy in three months."

June 1, then, in the words of Walter Cronkite, was "a day like all days, filled with those events which alter and illuminate our times." The Yankees set a record by beating the Athletics 34 to 1; a man stabbed a woman in a Brooklyn tavern and cried, as he was being led off to jail, "I love her;" a Russian jumped up in the U. N. and shouted that the Finns were massing on the Russian border; the pedi-cab drivers in Canton struck for higher pay; and in Bismarck, South Dakota, a Mr. Albert L. Womber discovered that some mysterious subterranean force was making off with a 14 foot length of his garden hose.

But on June 2, like a ping-pong ball tossed on a table full of baited mouse traps, things popped. It started when Dr. Ferdinand Smith, a New York obstetrician, called his friend and golf partner, Dr. Avery Ludd, and wanted to know how long it had been since Ludd had had a pregnancy. Dr. Ludd's reply prompted Dr. Smith to call another friend, while Dr. Ludd, whose interest was also aroused, embarked on a telephonic investigation of his own.

Soon the telephone exchanges of every hospital in New York were buzzing like swarms of indignant bees, and calls were shooting out over the length and breadth of the land, all of them seeking, and getting, the same answer: "We haven't had a pregnancy in three months."

It was a matter of record that the last half of the Twentieth Century was a period of great anxiety for people interested in the perpetuation of mankind, and a period of great tranquility for those who refused to get excited over the prospect that homo sapien was about to fold his tent and vacate terra firma for good.

The ladies became the subject of the most intensive scientific investigation of all time. They flocked to the medical centers where, under the antiseptic gaze of every conceivable kind of specialist, they were X-rayed and biopsied and cardiographed and prodded and just looked at, until the progress charts overflowed into the corridors.

They were pursued and made love to with a let's-have-one-for-the-road ardor that kept them breathless from morning 'til night. And they loved it.

By 1962, the people who made baby carriages, rattles, bassinets, teething rings, diapers and clothes under size 6, had turned to other pursuits, to be followed shortly by the manufacturers of yo yos, electric baseball games, plastic revolvers, balsa wood gliders and pogo sticks.

In 1985, when the medical world announced, "Man has had it," the whole phenomena of business, industrial and scientific advancement collapsed, and the great exodus from the cities began. Everybody wanted to grow old gracefully "down on the farm."

By the turn of the century there were five people left in New York, a television comedian, Jonathan (The Show Must Go On) Berle, and four writers, known simply as 1,2,3 and 4. Every Sunday evening at eight o'clock, before a battery of dusty, silent cameras, Berle knocked himself out with a full hour of jokes, while out in the darkened reaches of the studio, squealing and shrieking and fighting for the choice seats, was an ever increasing horde of beady-eyed rats.

On July 27, 2003, Robert Miles Standish, a one time president of the Atlas Aluminum Company, made farming history



by picking the largest carrot ever grown by man, an orange monstrosity six feet long. "You gotta grow 'em big," Stan-dish reported, "on account of the goddamned rabbits."

But if the rabbits grew big, it was as nothing compared to the stature achieved by some of their brethren. On April 23, 2018, the last man on the African continent burst out of the jungle at Canarky and plunged into the sea. Behind him, sitting on the beach with a bemused expression on his whiskery face, sat a lion as big as a house.

Asia was the next continent to give up the ghost. Abominable Snowmen took a heavy toll of the population, while famine, pestilence and petty wars accounted for all but one of the rest. On July 3, 2021, that lonely fellow, who couldn't stand not having anybody around to interrogate, leaped off a cliff overlooking the China Sea, screamed, "Long live the Union of—" and dashed himself to jelly on the rocks below.

A stout old Englishman with a walrus moustache was Europe's last man. He held out for two years alone in a London pub. Each morning, toasting himself with a glass of warm beer, he would say cheerfully, "Oh, I say, old boy, good show." He died singing, "There will always be an England."

America became a jungle. In Houston, shaggy buffalo wandered in and out of the lobby in the Shamrock Hotel; mountain goats frisked on the steps of the Capitol in Cheyenne; and a herd of giraffes, freed from the Washington zoo by the SPCA, nibbled the foliage in a fertile glade near Sequatchie, Tennessee.

The last great decision that Americans had to make was whether to settle in Monterey or Miami. For a time, the colored brochures published by each Chamber of Commerce extolled the identical virtues of oranges, sunshine and year around swimming. When a Miami publicist came up, finally, with a masterstroke of propaganda—"There is no San Andreas Fault in Florida"—it was too late. Cars were gone, planes were gone, boats were gone. "And their ain't nobody," an unhappy Californian said, "gonna drive a wagon over a five thousand mile strip of broken concrete."

When the San Andreas Fault, on the morning of September 19, 2023, relinquished its tenuous hold and split asunder, the last vestige of California civilization, a wooden hobby horse from Disneyland, floated majestically out to sea.

The sun lifted its massive bulk out of the sea and flooded man's last stronghold on earth with soft, sweet, light. Little Miami looked oddly medieval: an acre of sand enclosed by a three-sided concrete wall twelve feet high. Its fourth side was formed by the sea. A great oaken door, like the entrance to a baronial castle, was set in the northern wall. Five

steel bolts, sliding into recesses cut in the wall, secured the door. It had not been opened for eight months.

Inside, clusters of warped, weathered cottages squatted on the beach, their doors ajar, in forlorn anticipation of occupants who, having disappeared, would never return.

From the porch of one cottage, the feeble clicks of type-writer keys were caught and instantly muffled by a fresh salt breeze. The typist was the indefatigable Professor Linsley Quimby, critic of the ways of man and a bachelor all his life. He pulled a sheet from the machine and read what he had written:

O'Flynn played that record again last night. He played it through, completely, 14 times. It is called, 'I've Got A Clean Bomb and Greenbaum's Got The Fuse.' There is a line in it which provides a key to the guilt and anxiety complex which culminated, I believe, in the spontaneous sterility of all human females on the first day of March in the year 1959. The line goes, 'Greenbaum, clean bomb, bolly bolly bing bong, three two one skiddoo.'

I have in my possession, 32 newspapers, magazines and periodicals, each providing written proof that this song was actually broadcast to millions of people by means of television and radio, that additional millions of recordings were sold on the open market, and that an expedition to Tibet in 1949, searching for an Abominable Showman, was met by a tribe of Mongols singing, 'Greenbaum, clean bomb, ricky ticky ting tong, you hoo hoo.'

Think of it!

It has occurred to me to sneak into O'Flynn's cottage and steal—

"Well, good morning Quimby."

Quimby looked at the big, shaggy man on the next porch. Long-haired and bearded, he wore dirty khaki shorts, a ragged T-shirt and sneakers. His once handsome face was a mosaic of purple veins and creases, battle scars from endless nights with a vodka bottle. His stomach was turning to fat.

"Morning," Quimby grunted.

O'Flynn stepped off the porch, teed a golf ball on the sand, addressed it with a driver and whacked a towering shot straight out to sea. He turned, smiled at Quimby and said, "Some drive, hey, professor?"

"A great shot, O'Flynn," he said. "Too bad you didn't enjoy it."

O'Flynn sat heavily on the bottom step. "You're wrong, professor," he said. "I loved it."

Quimby arched his eyebrows. "Oh, was that joy on your face when you hit the ball?"

"Joy," O'Flynn said.

"Remarkable," Quimby said. "I thought it was frustration."

"It was joy," O'Flynn repeated. "You hear, joy."

"No need to raise your voice," Quimby chided. "There's nobody here but me."

"That's the flaming trouble," O'Flynn said. "There's nobody anywhere but you."

"Oh, come now," Quimby grinned. "I saw you dancing last night. You forgot to pull the shades. You and that life sized cardboard cutout of Marilyn Monroe." His ferret face leered. "Was that joy on your face when you danced the mambo?"

"It was joy," O'Flynn said.

"It was frustration," Quimby snapped.

"I said joy," O'Flynn screamed. "You hear, JOY!"

O'Flynn quieted suddenly. "You're jealous," he said craftily. "Jealous of my Marilyn Monroe."

"That's a lie," Quimby cried. "I've got a cardboard cutout of my own."

O'Flynn snorted. "So you have. Tell me, Quimby, is that

joy on your face when you sit here and talk with Philip Wylie?"

"It's joy," Quimby said.

"It's frustration," O'Flynn said.

O'Flynn arose, smiled, picked up his golf club and walked off across the sand. Suddenly he turned and hollered, "Hey, Quimby."

Quimby looked up from the typewriter.

"Frustration," O'Flynn shouted.

"Sour grapes," Quimby muttered. He spun a fresh sheet into the machine and began to type:

I am forced to watch the disintegration of a man. He is seated, at the moment, under a parasol with a cardboard cutout of Marilyn Monroe. He speaks to this thing strokes it. I have even heard him say, 'What's that, honey? I can't hear you above the roar of the surf.' Then he will cup his hand to his ear and listen for her words. It is monstrous.

And yet, it is not the beginning of a disintegration, but the end of one. Mr. Darby O'Flynn began to disintegrate way back in 1980 when he took bride No. 1. One has only to look at him, the victim of eight wives, and at me, the victim of none, to realize that WOMEN WERE POISON.

Woman has tormented man ever since the beginning of—

Quimby leaped to his feet, his eyes bugging, as a high-pitched scream wrenched from the jungle outside the wall.

Wildly excited, O'Flynn tore up from the beach. His chest heaved. His cheeks sucked in and out like bellows. "You hear that, Quimby? A woman!"

Neck and neck, they dashed toward the door in the northern wall. O'Flynn pulled ahead, his legs pumping like pistons.

Frantic fists beat on the door. A voice screamed, "Open the door, open the door. Oh, mercy, let me in!"

O'Flynn stumbled, fell, crawled frantically to the door. On hands and knees, with the heel of his hand, he levered free the first bolt.

"Wait!"

He jerked his head around and glanced wildly at Quimby. "What?"

"I said, wait."

"My God, what for?"

Quimby's bony fingers bit into his shoulders. "Who gets the woman?"

"Who cares?" O'Flynn roared. He smashed his hands against bolts two and three. The fourth bolt stuck. He battered it again and again.

(Continued on Page 25)

Gift Counselor

BIG B DEPT. STORES, INC.



"I've already given him that—several times."

Tis raining outside my Manhattan hotel room as I write this (with the help of a hot blonde . . . my secretary with the Royal typewriter picking hands and a cold bottle of Old Forester).

I can look down at the docked ocean liner that just brought me back from that European blast . . . a spree to end all sprees, man, that is going to take me months to recuperate from, both health and lootwise. But daddy-o, have I got memories!

It was at the opening of the Berlin Hilton hotel that started me off with all rockets churning. I was packed in shoulder-deep with the rest of the free loaders at the bar when Ted Shultz, a Berlin newspaper correspondent, whacked me on the back so hard my martini onion flipped above the liquid surface like a nervous trout.

Ted and I had served aboard a Navy troopship during World War II. We used to go on liberty sprees together and, when the war was over, I looked forward to never seeing Ted Shultz again. My wallet and constitution wasn't built for hob-knobbing with a human comet.

After renewing our drinks and recollections of life aboard our Navy ship, it was like old times hearing Ted bellow, "Let's get the hell out of here and live it up!"

Like all champion spree men, Ted was as restless as a young stallion in Springtime and it was no surprise to me when my old war time buddy-buddy stopped at the hotel phone booth on the way out and warned two Berlin pigeons that we were on the way to their apartment with the makings of a party.

We took a cab that crossed Friedrichstrasse and bounced over tiny cobblestoned streets. As we entered the Berlin apartment armed with bourbon and scotch I did a double take as Ted introduced me to a giggling pair of busty sisters. Not only were they identical twins with identical things located in identical places, but they were both as nude as a peeled banana!

"This is Herr Schmiggelfort the famous American movie director!" Ted told the girls in German.

"I am not a movie director!" I protested. But no one was listening—besides the girls didn't understand English.

Shultz uncorked the bottles and everyone drank up. The girls had stopped giggling now and were busy giving their imitation of how Brigitte Bardot would walk while doing one of her nuder-than-a-shaved peach, scenes.

Then suddenly it was all very simple to dig. The two Berlin dolls were Brigitte Bardot-happy. They had read all the movie magazines and knew what the score was. Like Brigitte in present day European movies, where were you if you weren't in the nude? Yes indeed, and how else could a famous Hollywood movie director determine how fabulous you would be on film? By looking at you in the nude, how else?

THOSE FRANTIC

Spree's wandering correspondent finds



FRAULEINS

by HAMMEL SCHMIDT

*that even the stolid Germans
appreciate Bardot's barenness....
and the stories of barmaids
and farmer's daughters are
true—even in Italy!*



Soon the word got around the German neighborhood that I was a sure enough Hollywood director. The apartment became full of women of all sizes and shapes peeling to the nub and clawing and fighting among themselves. I was starting to panic.

The joke had gone far enough. My buddy-buddy pal, Shultz, just sat there getting pie-eyed, and laughing his head off watching me try to weasle out of the situation.

Finally a well fed girl, who understood English (she had a G.I. boy friend during the war), arrived and started shedding her blouse. I explained that I was not a movie director as Shultz had represented me to be but just an ordinary playboy on a spree. She in turn explained this to the assembled dress-skinned dolls and things started happening like whee!

Clutching half consumed bourbon bottles to our chest like footballs, we escaped to the roof, then climbed down the fire escape of a nearby apartment house.

On one of the landings, we spotted an open window and climbed through. We were inside an empty bedroom. We decided to sneak out through the other part of the apartment, into the hallway and out the street entrance.

It was a mistake. As we tip-toed out of the bedroom towards the door leading to the apartment hallway the door opened and a husband returning from work with his lunchpail entered. He was built like a bulldozer and he could have taken both Shultz and I apart without getting up a sweat. Just then a tall sexy blonde, tightly wrapped in a bath towel, popped out of the bathroom and gave a startled cry as she saw Shultz, me and her husband at the same time.

The husband didn't even make a pass at us, but rushed over to his wife, ripped her towel off angrily and turned her over his knees and started whacking her where it hurts. We were too polite to stay and watch. Besides, we knew a good time to exit when we saw one.

I was grateful that my itinerary included a quick tour of Italy. A swing by motor up the west coast road from Naples to Genoa, across the north of the country through the valley of the Po and Padue to Venice. This, of course, would give me an excuse to escape my pal, Shultz.

But fate was unkind. Shultz would not think of letting me go this alone. He talked his paper into giving him an Italian assignment. He insisted he knew a lot of influential people who would do me good. That's what I was afraid of.

When we arrived in Naples, Shultz introduced me to one of his aristocratic friends, a guy by the name of Abruzzi (a former blackmarket mongul who made his pile stealing cigarettes from G.I. warehouses). Abruzzi pulled strings so I could buy a second-hand roadster for little more than twice the price it would have cost me if I

(Continued on Page 24)

Have Model— Will Travel

Spree's traveling lensman is mighty proud of
Marilyn Westly and figures she looks good
against any background—so he proves it here
by portraying her in settings ranging from
a sand dune to a haystack. Anyone
volunteering to search for needles?



photog

dave mills

likes

to get

the

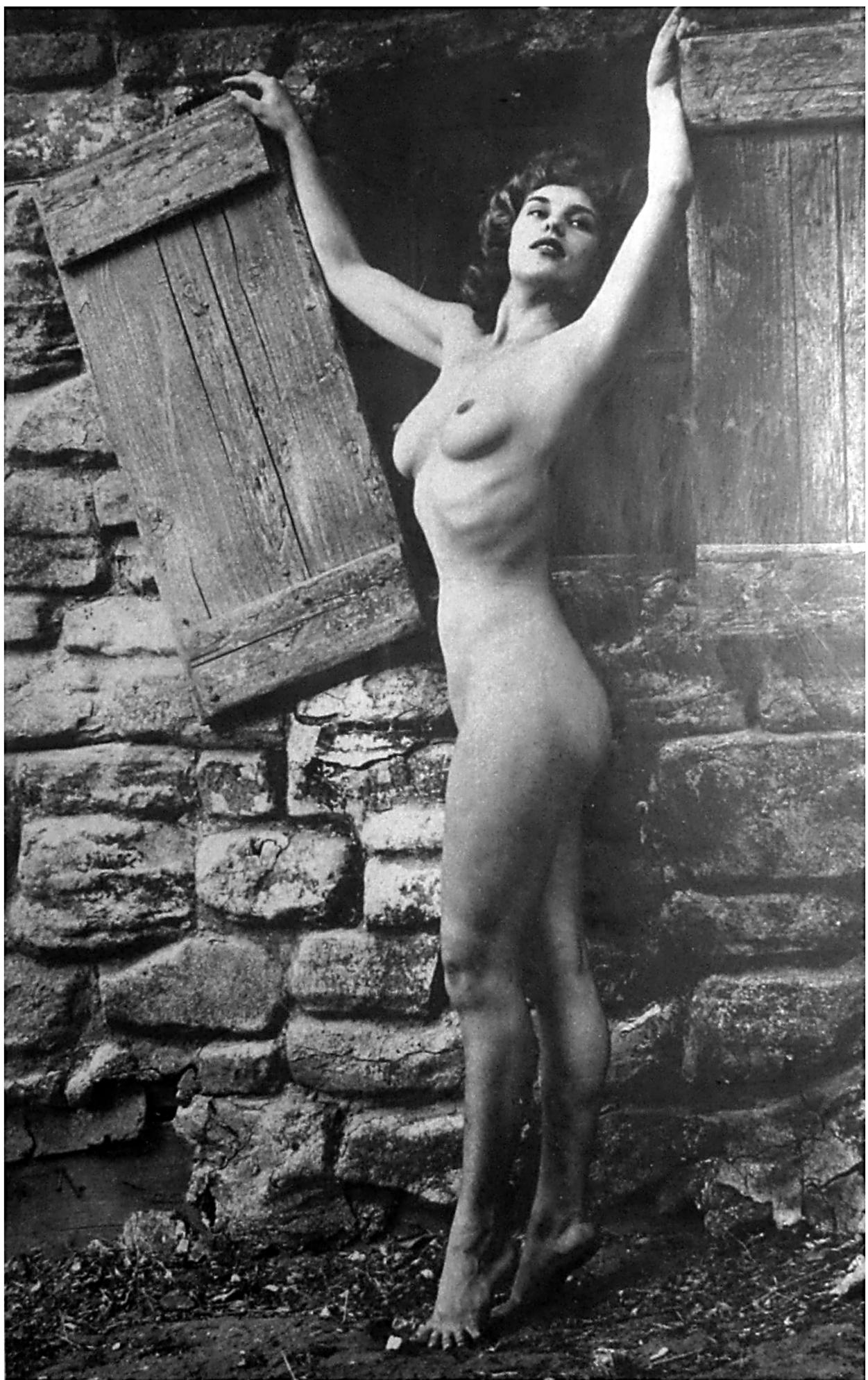
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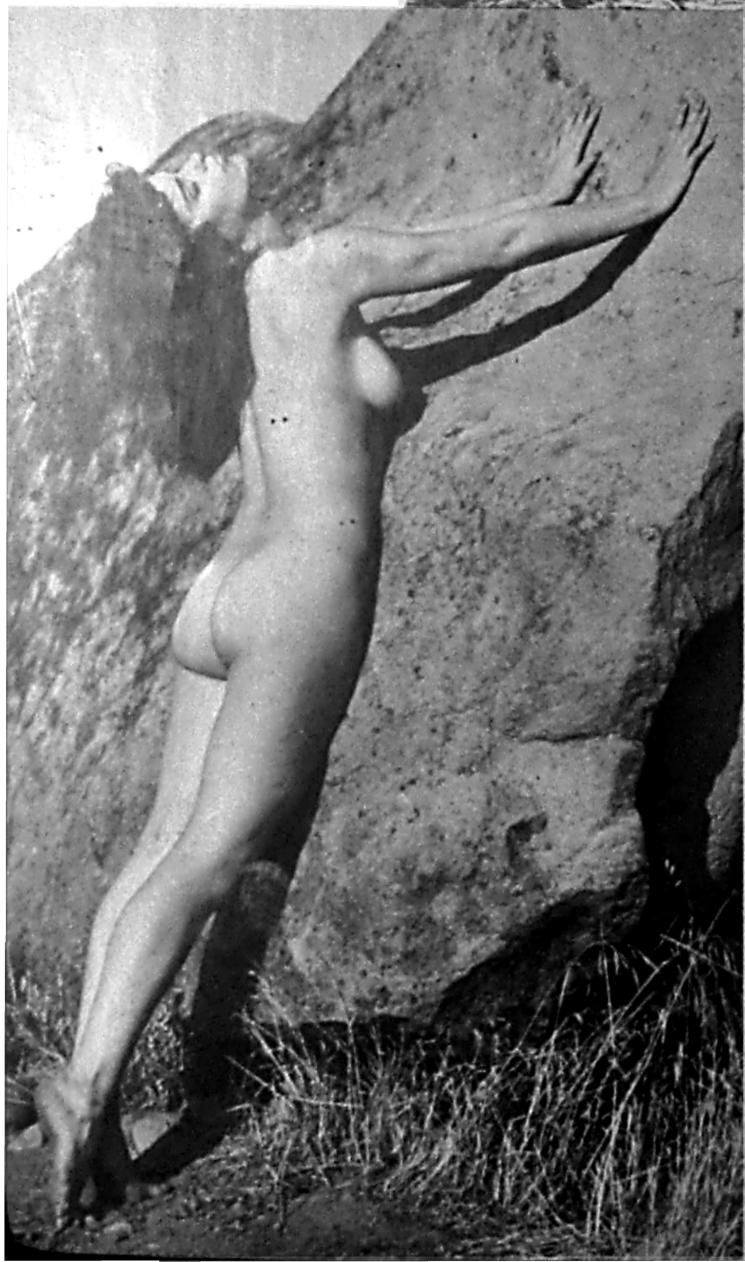
his

models



the gun is strictly
for self-defense
whenever marilyn goes
travelin'—how to get
her to surrender
is **your** problem.

"





AN EXERCISE IN SEDUCTION

by Brent Howell

Discovered your bedtime manner is outdated?...

Here's a lesson in reverse psychology to turn the trick

"I don't know why I went to bed with you," she whispered afterward.

She pulled the sheet up to her chin and smiled at him. He was glad she smiled, because now he no longer had to keep his lips straight and hold back his grin of satisfaction and triumph. And contempt.

He saw in her face that she read the satisfaction and the triumph in his grin, but not the contempt. That would have chased the smile off her mouth. Chased? Chaste?

Not that being careful of the feelings of women was important now—certainly not now, with the bedspread lying in a heap on the floor and the blanket pulled loose from the mattress and the under-sheet wrinkled from the pressing of a hot body. It wasn't important, it was habitual with an almost gentleman like Quincy Franklin.

"I don't know why . . .," she had said, maybe with a trace of mock guilt.

He knew why.

An hour and seven minutes ago she had met him at the door, still tying the cord on her housecoat.

"Quincy! What brings you here at this time of night?"

She obviously had just gotten out of bed, and just as obviously she was as confident of her appearance as if she were dressed for an evening out. Such, thought Franklin, is the way of beautiful women, always sure of their attractiveness.

What brought him here? He didn't tell her, of course. He didn't even let his eyes fall on her housecoat cord or on that pink flesh below her throat where her housecoat lapels made a V pointing the way to Victory. It was an effort, but he refrained.

Instead, he looked her in the eye and

shook his head. "Damned if I know. Got a cup of coffee?"

"Are you drunk?" she asked. Genuine surprise had given way to vague suspicion. Her hand floated up to cover that V. He didn't look at her hand.

That was the hand that had effortlessly, gracefully fended off the advances of scores of men before and after her marriage to good old (well, not so old and not really so good) George. All of them, including George, had made the same sort of advance on Madge. All attacks were based on flattery, which all of the persons involved, including Madge, felt was due her. That was Franklin's guess. He also guessed George had succeeded where others failed because Madge happened to like him best—probably still did.

She stepped aside to let him in. "If," nodded Quincy Franklin, "a man can get drunk on anything but alcohol, I'm drunk."

Madge laughed with very little voice and lots of breath and closed the door behind him.

"It's eleven o'clock and I need my beauty sleep," she said, pausing for him to say. "You don't need any of that kind of sleep." He didn't say it.

"But," she continued, "if you have a problem, I'll be happy to listen to it sympathetically over a cup of coffee."

He sat down on the couch. "I have a problem. You guessed it."

She started toward the kitchen. "Will instant coffee do? It's quicker."

"Have you got some instant Scotch and soda?" he asked.

Without another word, she disappeared into the kitchen, returning with a bottle of whisky and a bottle of soda. When she planked them down on the coffee table, he looked up—at the bottles.

"Where's the glass?" he asked quietly. She reached into her pockets and pulled out two tumblers.

"Oh," he said, "I didn't notice the bulges." Her hand went up to her throat again—slowly. He didn't shift his glances from the glasses.

"For a sober man," she laughed huskily, "you don't notice much." He did notice, though, that her housecoat cord had loosened itself. Or been loosened. "Wait, while I fetch some ice."

Franklin waved his hand toward the bottles. "Don't bother. Warm whisky is like a lullaby. I'll pour." He stood up slowly.

"Can't you pour sitting down?" she teased.

"Coffee, yes. Whisky deserves being poured from a standing position. Respect. Like opening doors for women." He poured one stiff and one light one, pushing the short one toward her.

"What about drinking it with your

coat on?" she asked. "Is that respectful?" More voice was coming into her words. She was waking up. "Here, I'll help you off with it."

She did, brushing against him, probably accidentally, as she did so. She winced a little from the contact. He let nothing register. "Thanks, pal," he said.

They sat down, Franklin on the couch, Madge on a corner of the coffee table. Her housecoat opened a little more down below the cord, revealing her thighs. Smooth, rounded, glistening thighs. But Franklin restrained himself from taking even a brief glance at them.

"What's your problem, Quincy?" she demanded in a low tone, shooting him a look which went beyond that question, he figured. Inside, he reckoned,

NICE ARCHITECTURE

*Upstairs she hasn't got too much—
Her brain is more an airway;
But if furnishings are lacking
You ought to see her stairway!*

she must be asking, "Why aren't you doing some appraising? Don't you know a luscious piece of girlhood when you see it?"

It was a good question.

She was stacked. Tennis, swimming, careful diet and plenty of beauty sleep over the years—all that dumped onto a naturally shapely set of bones—had done a good anatomical job on her. George had probably said so many a bedtime.

Madge was a few inches higher than the average woman, barely qualifying her for tall. There was nothing bony about her, especially just below that V she kept covering with her hand.

Her hand slid down from the V and rested on the coffee table. She leaned forward a little and peered questioningly at Quincy.

"We're old friends, Quince," she said softly. "Tell me all about it. I really am sympathetic."

The am was all breath. Madge, thought Franklin, just plain can't help being sexy. Particularly, now that she completely trusted him not to try to do what every real man considered when he looked at her.

"Pal," said Franklin, avoiding the display of leg and breast cleavage, "I'm about to fall out of love. All the way out."

Madge drained her glass. "You?" she gasped mockingly.

Franklin frowned at his glass of whisky. "Aside from the silly sound of

Cynthia and Quincy, other things bother me about this wedding deal," he said.

Franklin relaxed. "Your husband and all of the rest of those crumbs in the editorial department are my best friends, I guess. But you know, I've only known them since I came to work for the Star-Press three or four years ago, and a man just doesn't make close friends after he gets out of his teens.

"I don't know why, but somehow a guy can't talk seriously about sex to anybody but close friends. I haven't got any close friends."

Madge shifted her weight a little, making her housecoat fall away from her left leg. She didn't seem to notice. He didn't either. "Well, then, Quince honey," she said softly, "how can you talk about it to me?"

"Hell, Madge," Franklin said slowly, "you're a woman. Women understand these things. Men don't, except when they're having the same identical kind of trouble."

Trouble was with Cynthia. She had set the wedding date for next October and it was just holding hands and kissing goodnight until then. "No sneak previews."

"Pal," Franklin said, "I loved the girl. I guess I still do. But October is a long way away. A long way." He hurriedly added, "But that isn't the whole story."

Madge, of course, wanted it. The whole story.

"In a nutshell, Cynthia thinks I've been making time with other women, and she's all set to be mad about it."

In fact, she got mad about it every time Franklin made a pass at her.

"It doesn't make sense. There isn't any other woman in the world. Not my world. Just Cynthia. And she not only accuses me of playing around with other girls, but she gets sore because I get hot for her."

Madge leaned a little farther forward, letting the V deepen down past where her nightgown made another one. Pink flesh and pink nightgown. She didn't appear to notice and neither did Franklin.

"How strange," she whispered. And Franklin wondered whether what she meant was strange was Cynthia's attitude towards Quincy or Quincy's attitude towards women.

He went on, his eyes blankly resting on Madge's bosom. "Cynthia is built the only way a woman ought to be built." Madge looked sharply into Franklin's unseeing eyes.

"She makes other women look like cows," he said, trying to appear oblivious to all but his private thoughts. Madge started at the word cow and stood up.

Franklin went on: "She is frail like a

flower, except that flowers don't arouse a man like she does. She looks so weak, a man gets to feeling twice as strong as he is. Like he's crushing her, when he has her in his arms. I'm talking about me, of course."

"Of course," Madge murmured. She moved toward him.

"Cynthia is almost on eye level with me when she's standing up and I'm sitting down." Madge sat down beside him. He didn't seem to notice.

"She trembles when she gets kissed, and I get to feeling protective and warm. You know." Madge trembled just a little.

Cynthia's skin. "It makes milk look grey. I get worried I'll bruise her if I hold her tight." Madge blushed under her tan.

"I'm not the play-around guy I used

to be, pal," Franklin said, drawing it out like a dagger from his vitals. "Ever since I met Cynthia . . ."

Madge's hand, the one that had poured whisky and covered the V, sought Franklin's hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. Franklin's hand made no answer.

"Ever since I met Cynthia, I haven't got eyes or ears for any other woman. There aren't any others like her, and I wouldn't look twice at anyone that wasn't just like her—frail, small-breasted, petite, sweet all over like she is."

Madge moved her other hand up Franklin's shirt to his tie knot. "Here," she said in a low, low voice, "let me loosen your tie." He let her. She took it off.

"So here I am with half a year to go

till October and no sex. No sex, and on top of that she thinks I'm a tom cat." Another squeeze. No answer.

Franklin spoke another couple thousand words about Cynthia, pausing for a thoughtful swallow of whisky at about Word No. 500 and to put a comradely arm around Madge at about Word No. 1,500.

Finally, he turned to her and gave her that look that all men give Madge, tightened his hold and said: "I tell you, pal, it's enough to make a man . . ."

It was enough to make a woman.

"I don't know why I went to bed with you," she said. Madge reached out from under the sheet and touched his hand. "Tell me some more about Cynthia," she teased.

"I never knew anybody named Cynthia," Franklin said.



THE GIRL IN BED *(Continued from page 5)*

she might just as well have been a photograph, instead of the tempting flesh and blood object of his desires. The word rape kept taunting him, but he couldn't stop now. He had entered her apartment that evening and was hidden in the closet when she came home. He had watched her undress and it was all he could do to control himself, as she divested herself of her street attire and then naked, slipped between the sheets.

She leaned over to the nightstand and selected a cigarette, lit it, then opened the drawer and extracted a small book and pen. He could see through the partly open closet door that she wore a chain around her throat and attached to the chain was a tiny key! She used the key to unlock the pages of the book and began writing.

After a few minutes, she put the book in the drawer, and lay back, staring at the ceiling. He could see the glowing tip of her cigarette as she lay there.

His eyes, by this time, had grown accustomed to the darkness and he could discern the roundness of her beneath the sheet. It fell to her waist as she sat up to crush out the cigarette, then she lay back to sleep, not bothering to cover herself.

Stealthily, he crept from his hiding place to the dark shadow near her bed. As he gazed on the beauty of her, desire swept over him and he could feel the pain in his loins, knew he was breathing heavily. He couldn't help himself! he was reaching toward those twin peaks of womanhood, when her voice startled him!

"You won't hurt me, will you?"

The urge to run . . . to escape . . . was overcome only by curiosity.

"You knew . . . All the time I was hiding . . ."

"And all the times you followed me, too. Like a phantom lover." She lay there, speaking quietly, as though to a husband or old friend. There was no fear in her voice. She made no effort to cover herself. "When you weren't there behind me, I felt lost. Deserterd. . . ."

He sat on the bed beside her, "But why did you never let on that you even suspected. . . . Do you

know who I am?" She shook her head negatively. "Then you don't know why I always kept my distance?" He stroked her soft hair, as he spoke, and she grasped his fingers and turned on her side. She caressed his hand for a moment and then gently placed it on her breast.

"I know. You, too, were lonely. Even at a distance I could feel the sweet loneliness within you. I knew how your voice would sound, whispering as you are now. I could feel the gentle hardness of you as I lay in bed each night and I knew that the day would come when you would be here as you are now."

Her fingers were busy at his shirt and he impatiently tore it off, stripped himself, then lay down beside her. Their bodies fused in a passionate frenzy and no words were spoken as they thrust their bodies against each other. All the months of frustration exploded into a physical moment!

Her back was to him now and she was sleeping soundly. It had all happened so quickly! It was an hour of Paradise! . . . But what will happen when she awakens and turns on the light and sees the horrible thing his face was?

He must get out of there before she could awake. He got to his feet quietly and dressed and was about to leave when the desire for one last kiss overpowered his better judgment.

As he bent to touch her lips he saw the key she had used early in the night. He removed it from the chain and opened the drawer, then unlocked the book.

The pages were blank!

He examined the pen she had used.

It was dry!

He was breathing heavily as he strode to the wall switch, flipped it on. Nothing happened. He looked up at the light fixture and there was no bulb in it!

He understood then.

All the intuitiveness about her. God was merciful to him after all. He looked toward the bed, she was awake, staring at him, a worry creasing her face.

"Now that you know, will it make a difference? . . . my being blind?"



A KING AMONG CLASSICS



This Pistoned Prince, now owned by Leon Clark, end with the Los Angeles Rams pigskinners, has been more widely travelled than John Foster Dulles. Originally owned by T. H. Lawrence — the noted Lawrence of Arabia and desert hero of World War I — it was operated throughout Europe, Mexico and the U. S. by E. N. Graham, noted British journalist, before coming into Clark's possession. Lawrence had toured the Middle East with it before selling it. It was one of three experimental models of its type when manufactured, according to Clark, and originally sold for approximately \$20,000. Equipped with six king-sized cylinders, it also boasted twin magnetos and spark plugs for each cylinder for its 43.3 horsepower, unheard of in that era. With 468.14 cubic inches of engine, it also has a four-speed gear box.



PHOTOS BY RALPH POOLE



The 1926 Rolls Royce Phantom I

FOR THE *Girl* IN YOUR LIFE!

Sheer Nylon Panties Hand Painted with Naughty Sayings That Will Make Her the Envy of All Her Friends!

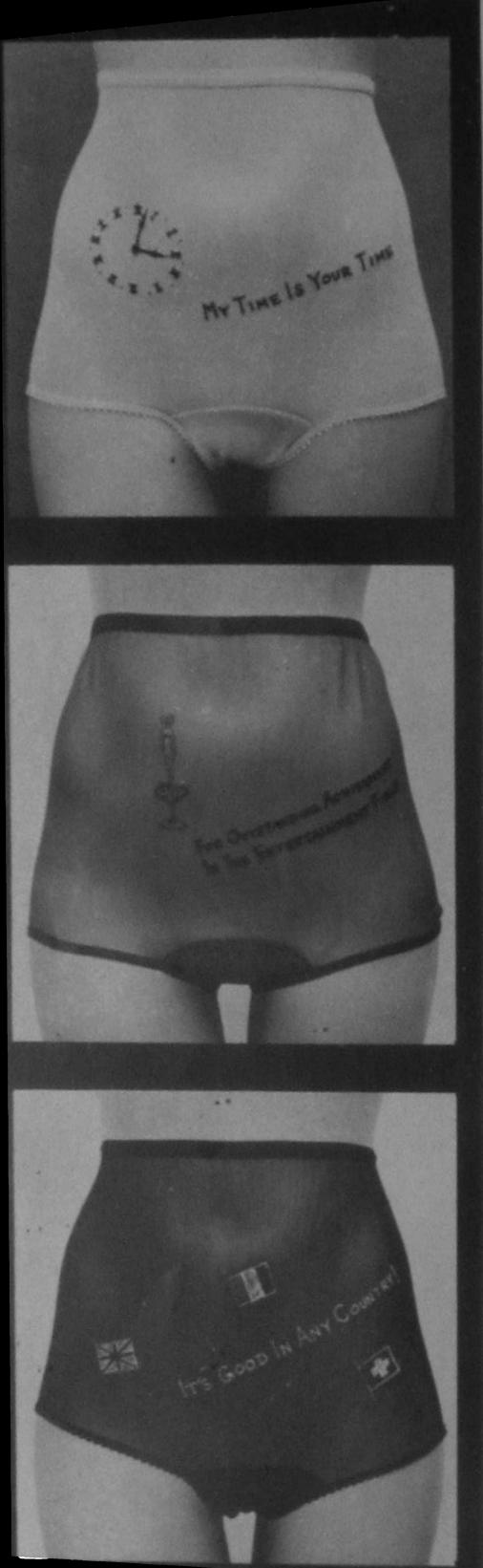
Choose from one of many witty designs and sayings, such as:

DESIGN **SAYING**

- A. Musical Notes**
"The best things in life are free!"
- B. Circus Clown**
"The Greatest Show on Earth!"
- C. Angels**
"Heaven's below!"
- D. Trophy**
"For Outstanding Achievement In The Entertainment Field!"
- E. Hearts**
"My heart belongs to daddy!"
- F. Flags**
"It's Good In Any Country!"
- G. Piggy Bank**
"I'm Saving It For You!"

Panties come in small, medium or large size and in black, red, blue or pink.

Out, \$3.95 each
or \$10.00 a dozen.



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Please send me the following:
(Check one or three)

A B C D E F G

Name
Address
City State

FRANTIC FRAULEINS ..

(Continued from page 15)

had gone to the trouble of buying it on the open market.

The car was a genuine lemon. It saw the inside of almost every Italian hamlet repair garage. Shultz must have planned it that way. The roadster was a little known model, and we were continuously having to hole up for several days in a local tavern or hotel, while a special part was being sent for in Rome or one of the other large cities.

Time hanging heavily on our hands, there was little else to do but fuel up with booze and see what was loose in the way of female entertainment.

And with Pal Shultz using his radar mind to sniff out all possible hometown talent, we were never without action.

At Littoria, we waited three days for a new carburetor to be expressed from Naples. By the time it arrived, we were being simultaneously pursued and shotgunned by two passionate daughters and their father, a city official.

At Civitavecchia, we waited a full week for a new radiator. I hated to see that radiator arrive. It means abandoning our delectable array of booby traps including a private troupe of can can girls, a drink mixing girl, girl to put us to bed at night, girl to wake us up in the morning, girl to read by, girl to shave by. It was the closest thing to a harem this side of Turkey, and it took a full case of gulping juice just to throw them a farewell party. I was proud of Shultz that week. It was the best spree he ever connived of the hundreds I had been on with him. Truly Shultz's finest hours.

Forty miles this side of Genoa, we stopped at an ancient winery to inspect it. It took us two days to get out of the winery itself and another full day to find our car which turned to have been parked directly in front of the winery.

Near Milan, we had to sit up all night in a tavern (there were no sleeping rooms available) with a barkeeper and two barmaids, while waiting for new spark plugs. Unfortunately, the barkeeper was a light sleeper and the barmaids were his daughters.

Our tour broke up in Venice when Shultz convinced me I should sell my car and buy a speedboat. I soon learned the reason why. He was romancing the well-stacked daughter of a gondola boatman. The father had no chance of catching him with his gondola. That is, until that afternoon Shultz ran out of gas directly in front of the girl's window.

What those gondoleers lack in speed, they make up for in knowing how to handle those long poles.

The people at the Venice hospital said Ted would have to stay there at least six weeks.

PASSING OF PASSION (Continued from page 13)

"They're coming!" the voice screamed. "Let me in!"

O'Flynn leaned against bolt number four, his face an agony. Beadlets of sweat popped on his forehead.

"I'll flip you for her," Quimby screamed.

O'Flynn raged, "Oh, you fraud, you rotten fraud." He braced his legs and exerted all his strength against the bolt, chest-high in the door.

Fists rained blows on the door. "Ai-e-e-e-e! Here they come!"

With a savage cry, O'Flynn smashed the bolt free, cocked a bleeding arm to assault the topmost bolt.

Quimby, snarling like a savage cat, leaped upon his back. "She's mine," he screamed. "Mine! Mine! Mine!"

An animal roar burst from O'Flynn's throat. He reached backward over his shoulder and seized Quimby by the throat. Quimby gurgled like swift water gushing down an open drain.

The woman shrieked. Her footsteps pounded along the outside of the wall. "Ai-e-e-e-e! Ai-e-e-e-e! Ai-e-e-e-e!" The terror stricken cries receded like the whistles of a speeding train.

Suddenly O'Flynn's fists relaxed. He tottered with the weight of Quimby on his back, staggered three steps, then collapsed, inert, upon the sand. Quimby rolled free, gagging, and sprang erect. He leaped to the door and pressed an ear against an oaken panel.

The jungle gave up a sound—or was it the wind?—a curious spine-tingling shuffling, like the inevitable press of lava down a barren mountain side.

Ashy-faced, he reseated the bolts, turned, glanced briefly at O'Flynn, then set off at a dead run.

Quimby dropped the phonograph needle on "I've Got a Clean Bomb and Greenbaum's Got the Fuse," walked across the room and sat down by the girl. He leaned over, obscenely, and kissed the cold lips. "Tell me, Marilyn," he whispered, "is there joy in my kiss?"

Greenbaum, clean bomb, bolly bolly bing bong.

Stiff, unyielding blonde.

"Ah, but your eyes tell the story," Quimby murmured. "Joy, joy, joy."

Ricky ticky ting tong.

Quimby tipped the bottle. Vodka dribbled down his chin. Once more, dragging it out like the forlorn cry of a loon, he whispered, "Joy-y-y-y-y."

Then he slept.

A full moon, seeming to drip salt water, lifted out of the silent sea. Inside Little Miami's walled stockade, billions of sand crystals caught and held its phosphorous light. And across the sand, flattened at first, then billowing like a slowly inflated balloon, a shadow crept, moving as the moon moved, until finally, seeming to stop, it assumed the configuration of a perfect hexagon. Rising from its middle was a wooden shaft, its jointed segments held erect by aluminum sleeves, a slender lance supporting the canopy of a green and white striped parasol.

The first of the invaders scaled the wall in flat-sized blobs, treading upward on noiseless feet. They paused on the inner edge of the moon-bright top, not seeing, but knowing, sensing, feeling.

Behind them, north to the Carolinas, twenty miles from edge to edge, lay an enormous, glistening, undulating carpet, the whole of its vast surface alive with the clicking of trillions of mandibles.

And behind the carpet, to the Great Lakes and beyond, lay an unbelievable expanse of desolation, in which nothing moved, nothing grew, nothing breathed. A stupendous highway of death, bathed as the beach was bathed, with the

impartial beneficence of the soaring moon.

On the wall, the blobs merged, ragged edges barely touching. A single pair of antennae waved in the tropical night.

"Wait!"

Five small carpets drifted down the wall's bright side, split up and moved across the sand. One scouted the garden, another the storehouse, others the empty homes. One found O'Flynn, another Quimby and the blonde.

A rendezvous atop the wall. Antennae waved, passing the intelligence to hundreds, to thousands, to millions, to hundreds of millions: "Divisions One through Twelve may eat. Right flank corps will lead off west. Move!"

On signal, they scaled the wall and fanned out across the sand.

Quimby screamed.

He burst out of the cottage and drove toward the sea, his silhouette gigantic and grotesque, collapsed, screamed one long, lung-emptying scream and disappeared.

Mandibles clicked.

On his hind legs, the General stood tall on Quimby's skull. Annoyed, he clawed a hair from his beak. His delicate black feelers, like reeds caressed by a gentle wind, swayed gracefully in the moonlight: "Divisions may rest. Long march ahead. We must catch up."

A courier, fast and black, scuttled over the wall. He found the General in the shadow of the skull. "Sir, I have a message."

The General yawned. "I suppose Division Nine found little nourishment in a cardboard blonde."

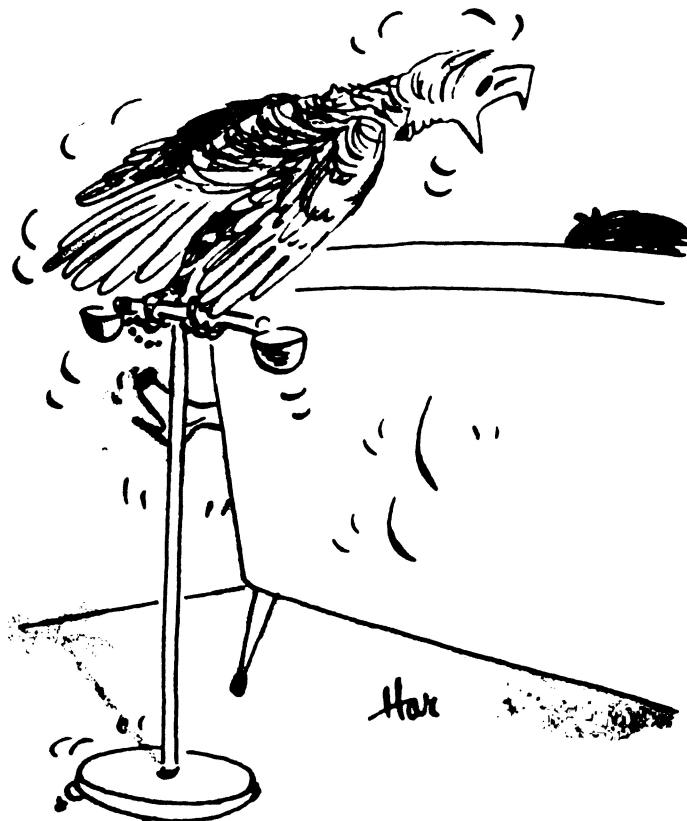
"From the Central Committee, General, sir. Priority Red."

"Speak."

The courier's antennae inscribed the air, slow motion, stunned.

"There hasn't been a pregnancy in three months!"

One



Polly wanna see, Polly Wanna see . . ."



Rub-A-Dub-Dub

Felicitous Freddi Robbins could easily bring the old-fashioned bathtub back into style, especially if manufacturers, who have been crying over the growing popularity of showers, will promise to install them in a shaded glade and provide Freddi for the back-scrubbing chores. On second thought, though, if one had Freddi, who'd have time to think about the dangers of slipping on a piece of soap?







RIGHT TIME TO DIE

WHEN THE
ULTIMATE IN
PASSION HAS BEEN
EXPERIENCED,
IS THERE A POINT
IN LIVING ON?

by Norman Sklarewitz

HE would have to kill himself.

Of this, Brad was quietly but irrevocably convinced. Even in the beginning, the *Idea* really did not disturb him and it did less so now that he had lived with it for half a dozen years.

He had not decided where or even when the final act would take place. These details, he concluded, should be fairly easy to work out—when the time did come.

But the basic decision had been made. It was not the product of any personal tragedy or professional shortcoming. Quite the contrary. At this moment, Brad held a responsible position and had a well-appointed apartment with the physical accoutrements to make his pleasures full.

His was a cultivated taste for the good life. While still back in his university undergraduate days, he reasoned that one cannot achieve happiness by chance. Even the prospects of being conveyed into a business career as a stereotyped bright young man in the firm was anathema to him.

By leaving for Europe soon after graduation he effectively halted this otherwise uncontrolled slide. For almost three years he travelled as he wished and worked when he had to.

He savored the culture of the Old World with the delicate appreciation of a connoisseur.

His appetite for good wine, fine cuisine and beautiful women was borne on a perpetual tide that flowed between satiation and desire. His was the hunger of appreciation, not greed.

These wanderings over, Brad had returned to New York. It was there the *Idea* first came to him.

It happened one morning after a wonderful night with Ann. Even now the thought of her brought a wry smile to his lips. Tall, lithe, intellectual, seducible Ann.

He poured himself a Scotch and recalled the way she disagreed completely with his scientific approach to the solution of social problems and never let her solid, midwestern background interfere with their own relationship. This he especially liked.

That particular night began with the theater in which Brad completely lost interest by the last act. It had been more than a week since he had been with Ann and his eyes caressed her body as she sat in the reflected glory of the stage lights. He let himself imagine the hours ahead.

After the show they were having cocktails in the hotel bar. And there he saw the End of Life symbolized.

In a corner booth was a platinum blonde, more than likely a dancer in one of the musicals in town. Perhaps she had a couple brief lines. But no more. If she was anything better, she wouldn't have been with the creep she was.

He was easily twice her age and obviously unconcerned with either her dancing or acting ability. He kept the Manhattans moving in front of her with naked intent.

She didn't contest his specious little game. She knew the rules but ignored them. Even so, Brad privately objected to the hollowness of the rendezvous.

He stared at the girl's companion with something close to contempt.

"Paunchy old bastard," Brad said to himself. "He'll probably wheeze from the exertion of climbing into bed with her. If it weren't for his checkbook and a promise of a couple weeks in Florida this winter, he'd never get her out of this bar, let alone into a hotel."

He would never see them again. But the whole thing made him angry and it made him sad.

The scene came back to him the next morning in his apartment. Ann had spent the night there. It was not the first time, of course, but often she had to be up early to attend some sort of case worker clinic and she would leave soon after they woke.

Today, though, they loved a lot and late. As she busied herself in the kitchen, Brad watched her.

It would not always be this way. This freedom to love freely was the gift possessed by youth. When it was gone, when this capacity to give and receive without price or favor waned, there would be nothing left.

Life was not the sum of man's days on earth but only that pitifully brief span of time that begins when he becomes a virile man and ends when the forces of physiology and social pressures combine to make him old.

After that, he might as well die. He might as well be dead. Why not? Die at the moment of life's greatest joy instead of in the depths of its sickening decay.

This was when Brad decided to end his life. The *Idea* came gradually at first but swelled with logic until accepted fully and without question.

There was nothing morbid in it. He was an engineer. He prided himself on his reasonable, analytical approach to all unknowns, mechanical or social.

One does not apply sentimentality to the laws of physics and he looked upon the *Idea* and his decision as one arrived at scientifically.

(Continued on Page 39)

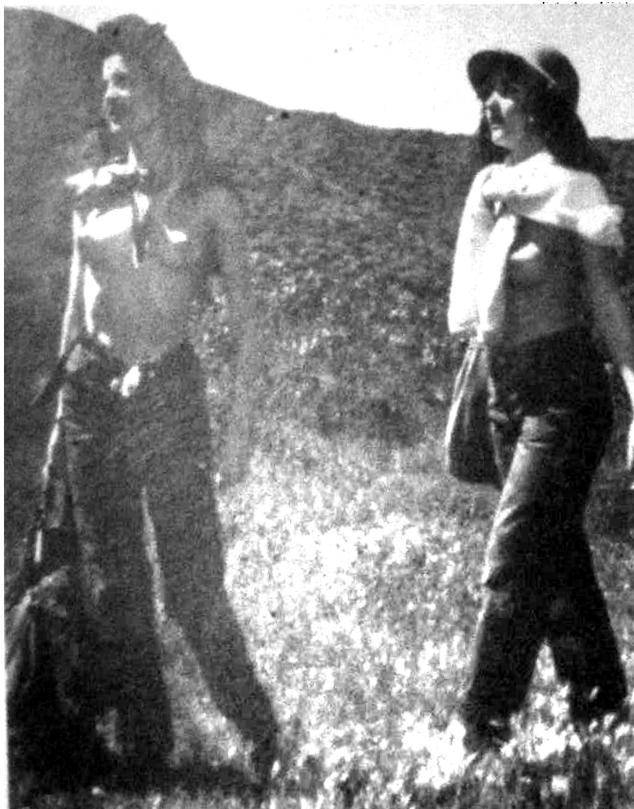




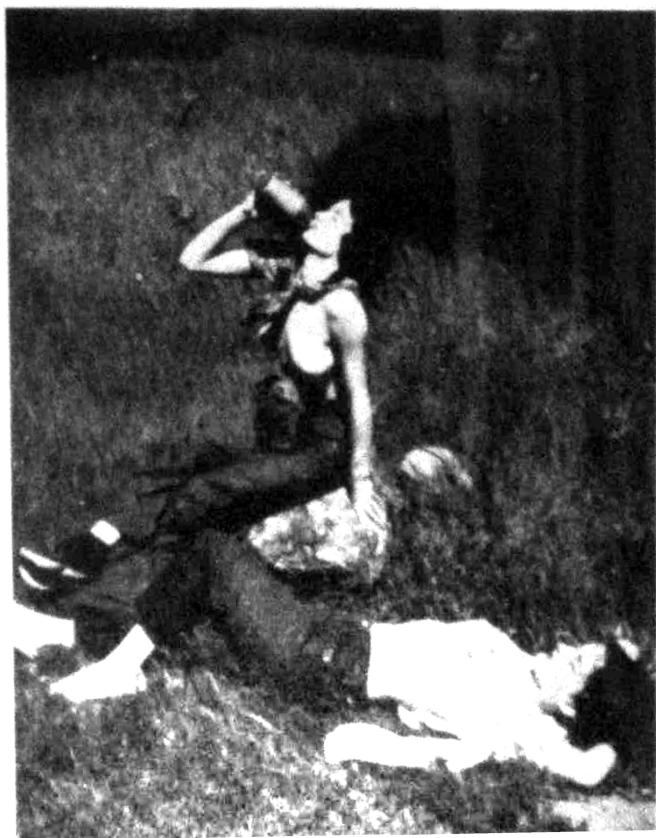
THE 2 LITTLE BARES

A FAIRY TALE
COMIC STRIP FOR ADULTS

4. A little more like it, huh? Note, however, the caution with which one of our Babie Bares wears her pith helmet. A little suntan in the right spots is great for the constitution, but sunstroke is out!



1. This is the story of the Two Little Bares, who went for a walk in the woods. With the high price of almost everything nowadays, Goldilocks and the third bare had to be sliced out of the budget.
5. This nature stuff is great, and lounging in the tall grass of a hidden glade has its moments. In fact, it's likely to bring on some of those hidden urges the psychiatrists talk about but seldom identify.





2. Our two babe-type bares find it warm for exploratory pursuits. After all, there's such a thing as carrying this outdoor thing too far—when one's normal activities are limited to exploring nightclubs.

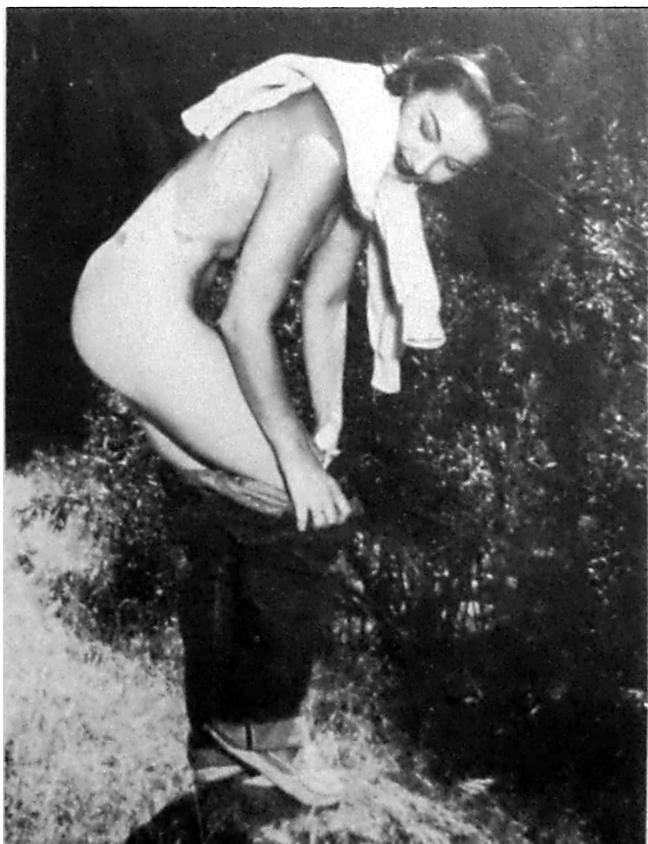
6. There's only one way to get rid of a hidden urge, and that's to quit hiding it. (We know—we could've started this routine in the first frame, but we got you this far, didn't we? Ogle on, son. There's more!)



3. Aw, what's to care? one bare says to the other bare
If we're going to commune with nature, we might as
well get with it. Besides, who's around to object?
(And who'd be unmanly enough to object, anyhow?)

7. Please note that this Babie Bare has decided to meet
Mother Nature half way. She has thrown away her
pith helmet and is going to live daringly.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







8. Look! cries one Babie Bare to the other, a house! Maybe someone's in there, sleeping in the bed! (This, however, didn't happen to be the case . . . Remember, Goldilocks didn't get into this act!)



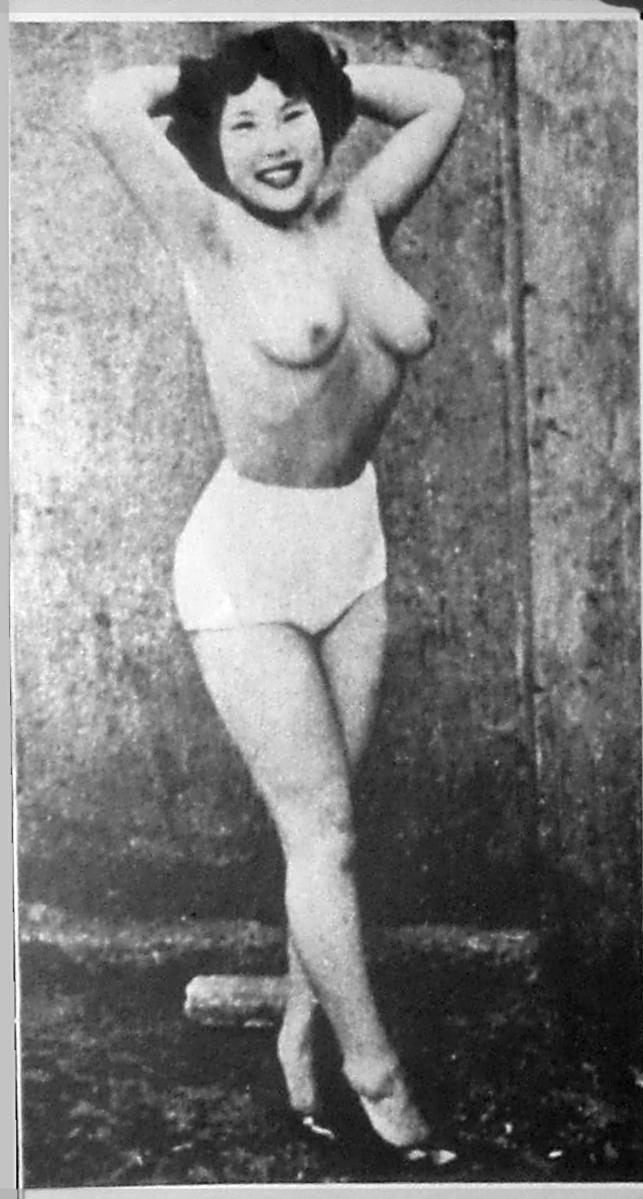
9. I knew I took off all those clothes for some reason, admits one of the Babie Bares. Of course, the stream is equally as pleased as she. This rolling along over old, mossy stones all day can be pretty boring.

10. What's that? The Big, Bad Hollywood Wolf? It can't be, is the reply. He isn't in this story. You know that, and I know that, replies the First Bare, but does the Wolf know that?



11. All's well that ends well, and Old Shep appears not only a gentleman, who refuses to look at the ladies, but a ham who insists upon mugging. How about you, man?





Korea means
Land of the
Morning Calm,
but this GI
was anything
but tranquil
when he
discovered
an Oriental
lovely who
could cause
Dagmar to
hang her
charms in
defeat

SIGHTSEEING IN KOREA

KEEPING (A) BREAST IN SEOUL

By JIM COREY

WHOMO wouldn't take a second look at an Oriental girl who looked like a 44-22-34?

This was surely one for the statistical book, and I just had to know the truth about those measurements.

Bert and I were sightseeing in Seoul, Korea, as a weekend interlude from our military duties. We were both old hands at overseas duty tours, and by this time had become fairly well acquainted with Korea. . . . Acquainted enough to realize that South Korea had little to offer in the way of the recreation we were accustomed to in our own USA.

What Korea does have to offer, though, makes up for the lack of luxury. It's surprising how much better the place seems when one becomes aware of the new crop of modern young women that has appeared since the war.

Bert said, "Man! Do you see that?"

I hoped he didn't think I was looking at the fish market!

We regained our eyeballs and our composure and went off in hot pursuit. I unslung my camera as we dodged through the crowd, because if nothing else, I intended to get a picture to verify my excellent vision.

The Japanese have a very descriptive word referring to the bosom. It is "chichi." As I hurried along with my camera at the ready, I had, in my mind, named this girl Che Che. She was making her way among the street crowd of Koreans without any particular notice from them. Believe me, she would have stopped traffic in New York City. Her exceptionally skin tight sweater, hobbled skirt and spiked heels were even more out of place in the midst of the distinctive Korean costumes.

Bert caught up with her while I was still engaged in avoiding an ox cart which should have been powered by its smell alone. He had simply said, "Hey, where are you going?"

Che Che had clicked to a stop, and completely unconcerned, proceeded to explain the circumstances under which she had been so curtly accosted. My arrival didn't interrupt her story.

Using a brand of English known as GI lingo, she told us that this being Saturday afternoon, it was her half day off. She worked as a waitress in the dining room which the U.S. Forces provided for its Civil Service personnel. The place didn't open on Sunday, so she was finished for the week. The part of the city known as Nam Dong was her home, and she was on the way there now.

At this point, I chimed in with the thought uppermost

in my mind. "Can we take your picture?" I asked.

The glance I received from Bert seemed to indicate that this was not his primary objective. Che Che, however, gladly assented and told us that if we would hail a taxicab, we could all go to her house for the picture-taking. I was immediately back in Bert's good graces, and he lost no time in attracting a Korean taxi of unknown vintage. The three of us got into the back seat. Che Che had to wiggle up her tight skirt in order to enter the taxi, and even if I had been prepared, I don't think I would have missed a moment of it to attempt a picture.

The driver received his instructions from Che Che in excited Korean, and after a brief argument, was off in a clatter of noise and oily exhaust fumes. Korean taxis, excepting those converted from American jeeps, are mostly pre-World War II models. Each cab is an individual enterprise, and its condition, both mechanical and otherwise, depends on the ingenuity of the driver. Each and every fare is also a personal challenge. The asking price is double the accepted rate, and Americans are considered fair game for even more outlandish demands. Public transportation is so scarce and unbelievably crowded that I am sure Che Che welcomed the opportunity to ride home in comparative luxury.

We adjusted to the bumping and grinding, and between the incessant blasting of the horn, Bert made with the introductions. He told Che Che that I was his best buddy, Jim, and that his name was Bert.

She said, "My GI name Penny, Korean name Kim Soong Ja."

Almost all of the Westernized girls in Korea have adopted a popular American first name. In many cases, it is a

name bestowed by a GI boyfriend or an American contacted through employment connections. Korean names are all so similar and difficult to pronounce that they are easily confused by Americans.

I couldn't resist telling her that her name should be Che Che. She got the point and giggled happily. She told us that some of the GI's called her Dagmar, but that Penny was definitely her name.

By making discreet conversational inquiries, we gathered a little more of Penny's background. She had come originally from a small village in the south of Korea, near Pusan, and was living with relatives in Seoul. Another girl, who was a telephone operator at the Eighth Army telephone exchange, shared her room. After several romantic disappointments caused by the inevitable departure of boyfriends returning stateside, Penny had decided that going steady was passe.

As we sputtered into the Nam Dong area, Penny cited the situation of her roommate, who had been seclusively mourning the departure of her steady gentleman friend. He was an elderly State Department official who had been recalled some three months ago.

The taxi came to a stop at the entrance to a narrow lane, and Bert and I quickly dismounted. We wanted to watch Penny emerge from the cab and also prepare for a fast departure when we handed the driver a reasonable fare.

Two things became apparent. Penny wore a garter belt, and the cab driver intended to throw the usual fit.

In spite of these expected distract-

tions, we re-grouped and sauntered off down the lane. Bert carried Penny's bundle containing choice food scraps which she had acquired on the job.

The house we approached would be taxed as an upper middle class Korean dwelling. It was large, had a tile roof, and was completely enclosed in a compound walled by a high board fence. Penny tinkled the bell at the gate, and it was opened by a bowing Korean mama-san, or housekeeper. An old man in a high black horse-hair hat and baggy white cotton costume sat cross legged on a mat smoking his long stemmed tiny bowlled pipe. Penny explained that he was her relative, an uncle or such, and that he would like a couple of American cigarettes to crumble into his pipe.

The girls lived in a separate wing of the house, comprised of a large room separated into two sections by sliding door partitions. Penny talked to her friend, in Korean, through the closed doors. The friend, whose name was Maxine, Mac for short, had a vibrant throaty voice that was interesting even in Korean.

Bert took over as art director and posed Penny in profile so as to accentuate her charms. After several frames, I tentatively suggested a little American cheesecake. Penny was quick to oblige. She slipped off everything, right down to her panties and patent leather pumps, with such dexterity, that we had only a moment to enjoy the entire unveiling.

I shot up the rest of the roll of film

while Bert dabbed the drool off his tie. Penny then gathered up her clothes and slid the door closed behind her before Bert could put his expression into action.

Bert recovered and launched his appeal with a note of desperation in his voice. Speaking through the door, he informed Penny that he was fully prepared to augment her every desire. Dinner, dancing, the movies, shopping, or even a trip to the moon were all possible. His only desire was to make her happy, providing it was in his presence.

Penny, who was chatting with her girlfriend, pretended to be shocked at Bert's proposals.

Frankly, I was more than surprised myself, and Bert was absolutely deflated. She went on to say, however, that she attended the dance at the Chosen Hotel on Saturday nights and would be there this evening if Bert would like to ask her for a dance. In the meantime, she said that her girlfriend, Mac, worked on the switchboard from six o'clock until two in the morning and would appreciate a ride back to Eighth Army Headquarters with us.

My apathy vanished when Mac stepped out of the house. The sack dress could only have come from Sears' mail order catalogue. The girl in the dress was one of those women who never get male complaints on these crazy new styles. Wow, I thought, here we go again. She wore black horn rimmed glasses, her hair was in a tight bun, and she resembled a burlesque queen masquerading as a Sunday School teacher.

Penny made the introductions from behind closed doors, and the mama-san was dispatched to bring a taxi to the street entrance. Mac offered her hand, which I grasped, and Bert merely nodded. With deliberate composure, Mac lit a filter-tipped cigarette and commented on the merits of the Rolex watch which I had purchased in Hong Kong. Her English was excellent.

We dropped her off at the telephone exchange, and she thanked us for our courtesy.

Bert needed a martini, and I was getting withdrawal symptoms due to the lateness of the hour, so we picked the closest club.

We ran into a friend of mine at the bar who flies as a contract pilot for Korean National Airlines. Bert was still shookup over Penny, so we reminded him that there is no such thing as a girl shortage, especially in Korea. The KNA people automatically hire Korean beauty contest winners as stewardesses on their airliners, so we planned a hypothetical trip for Bert.

The Saturday evening cocktail hours are great because so many acquaintances



"I don't care if you are going to be president when you grow up...
I'm going to be a call girl!"

are in for the weekend from the out-lying areas and the front line units. Bert was soon in fine settle and swapping stories in which Penny was a key figure. Nobody believed his 44-22-34 formula, and he kept insisting that we develop the pictures immediately.

I guess it was inevitable that we would be at the Chosen Hotel by no later than nine thirty that night.

The Chosen Hotel was packed when we got there, and I concentrated on getting a table, during which time Bert searched frantically to see if Penny had kept her word. We lucked in all the way. I got a choice table, and Bert spotted Penny.

Penny was out on the floor doing a cha-cha with a smooth character whom I recognized as one of the civilian managers in the post exchange. The guy was a good dancer, but his job would have made him popular with the girls anyway. The PX is the only source of state-side cosmetics and a real lifeline to gals with Western tastes.

Knowing that Penny's measurements were real made her appearance more fabulous. There was nothing conservative about this gal. The black satin

Chinese dress with the split Peking style skirt and flower design in glittering sequins had completely hypnotized Bert.

Now Bert isn't much to look at. Certainly not an All-American type nor a Hollywood romeo. He's really quite plain. His greatest facility is his frankness and perseverance.

In less than an hour, or about four drinks by my time, Penny was permanently established at our table. Bert was operating at peak efficiency. He casually mentioned how sick the family herd of cattle get when they eat the grass around his father's oil wells. He even had the nerve to ask me to remember the Japanese pronunciation of the war-bride's name his older brother had married. I stopped paying for any of the drinks in order to support the idea of his mythical wealth.

The table hopping reached a wild tempo, and I bet I met fifteen or twenty gals, some of whom were from the floor show. A few Korean bands and entertainers are passable artists and the remainder are learning. At least they're not stuffy or talent conscious. Several of the American foreign traders sat in

for a short one, and we received a standing invitation to an after-hours place called the "Green Door." Gaming is the specialty there, but they also have a fine Chinese cook and a clever pianist. The time the place was raided, fourteen different kinds of currency were identified.

There is still a curfew in Korea, mostly for the poor people, and the military goes along with this, so the clubs close between one and one thirty on Sunday mornings. At closing time everybody chooses up sides for private groups or comfy twosome parties.

Bert, Penny and I found ourselves outside the main entrance of the Chosen Hotel vying for the last minute taxis. Bert and Penny were planning a cultural Sunday. They were going to visit some of the famous temples, the Korean National Museum and the partially bombed out city zoo.

I let them take the first cab because those activities didn't particularly appeal to me. I am a baser type, and besides it was getting on toward two o'clock and I had to get over to the telephone exchange. I wanted to plug in on a private line.

O-18

RIGHT TO DIE (Continued from page 29)

Why shouldn't man be intellectually mature enough to end his life when he has finished living, Brad concluded. Why hang on, going through the ugly motions, long after they have meaning?

He said nothing of the *Idea* to Ann. Late the following summer, she left New York with fond memories and no regrets. A few weeks later, Brad met Joyce. She possessed enthusiasm and energy in almost boundless quantities.

She loved to swim, play tennis, to race his Jaguar along the Merritt Parkway toward Connecticut. Her penchant for romance was equally as wild and unquenchable.

They were out on the Sound aboard her seventeen-foot Snipe one Sunday afternoon. Joyce handled the helm, while Brad lay sprawled across the gunnel with a can of cold beer in one hand, a ham sandwich in the other.

Occasionally she'd yell, "Coming about," and he'd go into a jack knife, trying to duck the boom, as she threw the impudent little boat hard over.

She had just done this and put the craft on a new course when a sleek fifty-five-foot cabin cruiser rounded the cove. She was a trim and powerful craft and they both watched as the bigger boat came closer, drew abeam and passed them to starboard.

Two couples were on deck. Brad dug into his duffle bag, pulled out a pair of binoculars and focused on the group.

Two girls in colorful shorts and narrow bras sunned themselves languidly. They were young, brown and as free as the wind that ran its loving fingers through their hair. And the men?

Brad lowered the glasses and stowed them away. The men were as he expected. Who else owns a \$50,000 cruiser that sleeps six? Again, for an instant he was angry.

That boat, those girls belong to his generation, he thought bitterly. He wasn't jealous of the ship or the money its owner obviously had. It just was that they were too old.

They looked stupid and wasted in their loud aloha shirts and Bermuda shorts.

They must look even sillier when they went below deck and tried to lie in a cabin bunk with a girl twenty-five years younger.

Brad looked long and hard at the receding transom and the parting green and white foam of its wake. He never wanted to be old, he told himself. Never wanted to be one of those men to deny the truth that he would be better off dead.

It was as simple as that.

At the one sublime moment when his life was at its fullest, when his heart beat in wild, uncontrolled passion for the earth and the sun and the woman in his arms, he wanted to die.

At the time of his own choosing. Then, not when the fun and the thrills and the sanguine lust were hollow memories and emptier desires.

Nature was much too cruel to give man such a heroic end. Instead, it dooms him to drift in the lingering twilight of a day that has ended, a pathetic, contrite shell stripped of its soul.

Brad was determined to intercede. But it had to be at the right time, he reasoned. At the right time.

Whenever that moment was, it did not come in the two years that followed.

Early in February, Brad flew to Venezuela. There as the newly-named assistant to the regional project manager, he was devoted to the building of a new bulk oil plant. The operation had fallen behind schedule. Brad and the resident staff threw themselves into the job with a brutal schedule. They worked night and day, pushing the native labor and battling local officials to get the needed materials moving in.

Gradually, the squat storage tanks rose near the sluggish jungle river.

(Continued on Page 58)



Beirut Boudoir

by Ralph C. Martin

IN Beirut, according to Confidential Mortimer, the place to find girls, amateurs that is, is at the Excelsior Hotel. At least that is supposed to be one of the many places of venery. For even a poor huntaman like me. And Mortimer is right. I know. I found out, almost to my regret.

Now when you pick up a female, especially a damn good-looking one and she is willing, then you expect to consummate a usually pleasant evening or interlude without any complications.

And that is what I expected that night in Beirut. I had flown in from Baghdad on the morning flight. It had been

at Tom's urging that I went. In fact, he insisted.

"That was a damn good job you did, Ed," Tom had said. "You'd better take a week or so off. Go over to Beirut and unwind, boy. That place is loaded with unwinders."

Then as a sort of an afterthought, he said, "Have your week and then report to Garrity at the Beirut office. I think you'll be just the man to straighten him out. That should keep you busy for quite some time."

This wasn't like him at all. Anything connected with Tom Harrison, v-p of Consolidated Oil, always had a catch. How he got that job, I didn't really know, but I could darn sure

EDDIE WAS AN OILMAN, BUT
ALL THE PETROLEUM
IN THE MIDEAST COULDN'T
SMOOTH THOSE TROUBLED
WATERS OF DESIRE
ONCE HE'D SEEN CHRISTIE

suspect. But my own job was pretty good, so I went along with him.

I took him up quick like, because I was ready for a fling and I wasn't about to waste time figuring out his angle.

I breathed a ton or so of the Mediterranean air and began unwinding. My room at the Excelsior overlooked the blue, heartshaped pool and from my balcony I could easily see the solitary figure in the white bikini. The high wall around the pool and garden gave her privacy except from prying eyes in the hotel. The bellhop coughed. I turned.

"You want *bint*?" he smirked. "Like that," he pointed at the bikini. I shook my head.

"Not now." I threw him a couple of wilted pound notes. He smiled his acceptance and looked at me doubtfully.

"When you ready, ask for Fuoad," he leered. With a grin and a bow, he left the room.

They weren't kidding, I thought. The stuff must be all over, even in a high class place like this. I fervently hoped so, for Baghdad had been barren. Even their hotels were crummy. I went down for a late, relaxing dinner.

Everything must have faced the pool and garden, for free sideshows, if the voluptuous tan body in the white bikini meant anything. At another table sat two stately Sudanese in their multi-colored gowns, grinning their gold at me. They evidently got their kicks from watching my close scrutiny of the pool. They smiled their approval when they saw me look their way.

A full stomach didn't stop me from starting to unwind at the pool. A tantalizing smile of acceptance greeted me as I made my grand entrance. There was no doubt she was lonely. It looked like the other girls hadn't started to work so early.

Probably still catching up on their beauty requirements. This one didn't need any catching up. Every movement of her tauntingly clad body seemed to caress me and, like an innocent homing pigeon, I was on target.

The two moon goddesses on her chest were putting up a tremendous fight against the taut, translucent halter. From there to the bikini was an inviting wide expanse of duskiness and then I couldn't trust myself to look further. She sat up and folded long, tempting legs. She smiled coyly at the empty towel next to her.

I placed my next-to-nude body alongside of hers. When the softness of her thigh rubbed invitingly against me, I unwound completely and was ready to wind right back up.

I snapped my fingers and the bar boy came right over. He had a silly leer on his face. But I could hardly blame him.

In a throaty, almost masculine voice she said she wasn't drinking anything. Then she looked at me again and decided maybe I'd look better, I suppose, if she did. Soon we were calling each other Christie and Ed. She told me she was out in the warm sun trying to finish off her suntan.

I thought it was nice as it was. She agreed with a charming smile, but said she liked perfect things. She looked me over mighty careful-like then, nodding as if agreeing with herself.

She rolled over and, nudging me, managed to get through my befuddled brain that she wanted her halter removed. She wanted to give the sun a fair chance. I wasn't quite sure what she wanted to give me, but I did see what she had was for real.

I tried to make conversation, telling her what a big oil man I was and trying to find out something about her. She wasn't giving any info, though, so I accepted the status quo.

Our cozy set-to was interrupted in an hour or so by the working trade. My God, I wondered, if this pool was just a sample, what was the rest of Beirut like? As it turned out, I didn't worry too much finding out.

Lazily, Christie pulled herself up. And with a walk that was calculated to shake up not only the men, but to cause green to show in the eyes of women, she made her way sexily to the latticework change room. They still looked when she came out. I just stared, and she was obviously pleased. As far as I was concerned, she might as well have left the bikini on.

She had promised to show me some of the sights before dark. I wasn't too interested, for I felt my tour was almost complete. I went with her, naturally.

She had rented one of those new Mercedes sport jobs. So I figured her price must come really high and that maybe, just maybe, I wasn't quite ready for the Bigtime.

Christie wheeled that car just like a man, but there was nothing mannish about the way she handled me, when we stopped at Pigeon Rock out near the American University. I thought that this was going to be the place to roost, but I was wrong.

"Don't be frightened, *cheri*," she pulsed, "I'm not going to cost you anything. I have plenty of money and, right now, I'm all free." I could feel the look of greed struggling on my face.

By the time her lips left mine, I wasn't quite sure just who was free. In fact, I was all tangled in my anticipation.

"Later, *mon cheri*, later," she whispered against my quivering lips. "We'll have all night. Besides it's too public here."

After the pool, I couldn't see why she was bothered by the public. But I realized she was right and tempered my desires for awhile. The old city of the Arabian Nights had never thrown up anything like what I had and I meant to work it good.

The moon was high and bright when we went to her room, a love suite with the fresh night smell of the Mediterranean blowing in.

We were high above the noises and heat of the now wide-awake city. Christie turned out the lights and guided me to the bed, as if I didn't know where to go. She kissed me and I kissed her.

Later, resting in that huge, moonsplashed bed, it hit me. I jerked up, wide awake. (Continued on Page 53)

The art of travel, like other arts, embodies certain indispensable principles that make the difference between the supreme joys of the experienced traveler and the abject miseries of the duffer.

The difference is small but the results are great.

Like, I mean—but read on, McDuff... you'll dig:

WHERE TO GO:

Travel, like sex, is a state of mind and there is no greater waste of time than making love to a dame you hate—it's too frustrating, a drag. Ditto your trip. If it doesn't thrill your little Marco Polo to dream of a far away place, do the world a favor and picnic in the backyard and grouch at the ants. The thrill must sustain you thru many mundane pre-departure redtapes, ruptured schedules, and semi-rugged living conditions the world over. The master traveler goes where he feels excitement lurks. The tyro goes where it is considered fashionable to go.

WHAT TO TAKE:

If you need all the comforts of home when you travel, don't go. The adept traveler knows that luggage should be like a gal's nightie—only enough to enhance the fun but not enough to obscure the thrills of exploring new territories. Pack the attitude of adventure and you need little else. Many a sad tenderfoot has had the sudden realization, too late, that his expensive once-in-a-lifetime trip was ruined because in among all that baggage somewhere, he took his own disgusting self with him.



A-BROADING ABROAD

BY DENNIS



ALONG THE WAY:

Getting there is half the fun and who you get half your fun from is not as important as getting it. When the girl next door boards a ship she operates under a different set of morals, if any at all. The travel-rooky saves himself for foreign intrigues with flashing dream women of a different hue, cry, and background while the skillful traveler gathers rosebuds with the girl from next door who is anxious to make the crossing memorable by coming across as they cross all sorts of at-home boundaries on the way to further adventures abroad.

Travel slowly. The six-hour jet to Europe impresses only the businessman who would still be short of time with a 60-day week. Better to explore the next block leisurely than run blindly through all the capitals of the world.

THE ART OF MAKING OUT ABROAD:

You make out abroad the same way you make out at home. A simple attempt to fit in with local rules-of-conduct of any country, while retaining the unique flavor of being a foreigner (which you will be, you know), is insurance that you will have it made—and often. She is just as anxious as you to explore the promise of the new, unique, and exotic. And you will return home to spend your days in fond memory of the Johnny Appleseed trail you have planted around the world—while the tyro will still bitterly wonder if what they say about Chinese girls is true or not.

ARMCHAIR ULYSSES:

Better than the dullard who walks the world forever without losing his narrow homegrown viewpoint is the seasoned armchair traveler. For here—with the

(Continued on Page 54)



Entertainment in Tokyo is spelled s-e-x, but at the Press Club, they spell it only in upper case letters!



Headresses may be able to do something for the women even in Tokyo, but we resent this guy getting into the act!



PHOTOS BY JAMES MAYER TOKYO

THREE is admittedly nothing particularly unusual about a private men's club having a wild party. And there is equally little unique about there being a raffle along with the festivities.

But there aren't too many town clubs that offer women as door prizes!

Just the same, six lovely young things were literally given away to the holders of the winning tickets at a recent ball. Scene for this rather original game of chance was the Foreign Correspondents Club in Tokyo, Japan.

There ticket stubs were drawn in the conventional church bazaar manner. Only to these winners went the luscious girls. The lucky couples immediately disappeared into the night for obviously albeit unrevealed destinations.

The rest of the guests didn't suffer too badly, either. As a mass consolation prize, the master of ceremonies unveiled a striking nude before the pleased though bloodshot eyes of the guests.

She posed in her naked prettiest while the boys ostensibly did free-hand sketches. The best drawings won bottles of champagne—not the girl.

"This place was founded on hard drinking and beautiful women," Marvin Stone, ex-International News Service bureau chief, once said. "We sponsor no causes or support no goals other than to keep our members happy."

"This has been a meeting place for half of the world's travelling reporters and writers in the last decade," one Old China Hand has noted. Not long ago, Robert Ruark lunched at one table while James Michener was at another.

Every important Tokyo visitor, from Casey Stengel to Perle Mesta and from foreign ministers to Hollywood stars all make a point to stop by the Press Club during their stay.

Enroute to Korea for a series of Christmas shows last winter, Bob Hope, Jayne Mansfield, Jerry Colonna and Mickey Hargitay were honored at an informal lunch. Leonard Lyons was in on his last trip to the Far East and the St. Louis Cardinals *en masse* were guests on their post-season tour.

At the end of World War II, foreign newsmen were wards of the Army and were billeted in a bomb-scarred hotel. The reporters moved in their liquors, some bunks and began to write a new page in news history.

The strait-laced military couldn't quite put up with the bacchanalia. So when the newsmen proposed moving themselves to a press billet, the Army grabbed at the chance of ridding itself of the motley crew. Result: The evolution of the Foreign Correspondents' Club.

Since hotel accommodations were almost impossible in post-war Tokyo, living quarters were provided at the club. This permitted a member to combine services of the bar and dining room with the company of his date for as long as he liked.

Things went along swimmingly for a

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**If there isn't
at least one girl
hidden in your
room at the
tokyo press club,
the other
residents worry—
they think
you're subnormal**

couple of years. Then a pair of wives, who somehow managed to accompany their ill-advised husbands overseas, turned up. The nocturnal adventures going on upstairs brought forth vociferous objections.

"This is nothing but a brothel," one woman stormed when a drowsy couple strolled into the dining room at lunch. The irate American wife demanded immediate action. Unable to shut her up, the board of governors promised to stop this terrible, terrible conduct.

A notice was duly posted in the main lobby. It read.

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY, NO WOMEN WILL BE PERMITTED ABOVE THE SECOND FLOOR BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 2 A.M. AND 5 A.M.

The rule was assiduously followed.

Promptly at the stroke of two o'clock the next morning, doors began to open all up and down the halls of the five-story building. From each room emerged sleepy-eyed guys and their girls, some clad in pajamas and nightgowns, others merely clutching blankets and sheets about them.

The incredible procession wound its way down from the upper floors to the main lounge. There the newsmen and their companions made themselves comfortable on the sofas, lounges and some in sleeping bags thoughtfully brought

along for the occasion.

Promptly at five o'clock, the lovers rose, climbed back up the stairs and returned to bed.

The orders of the board of governors had been followed to the letter. The one misguided attempt to regulate the personal lives of press club members was ended.

Another typical phase in press club history was anecdotally described by Red Buttons. Red was in Japan with Marlon Brando for the shooting of "Sayonara."

One evening, Red took over the floor of the dining room with an impromptu act that had the guests roaring. One story was dedicated to the club itself. Here's how it went:

"An American metropolitan daily paper sent a young reporter to Tokyo on his first overseas assignment. The lad was clean-cut, eager and horribly well-behaved.

"The club members watched his unimpeachable conduct for weeks with growing alarm. One morning about four, the young man heard a loud pounding at his club bedroom door.

"'This is the manager,' a voice shouted. 'Do you have a woman in there with you?'

"The young correspondent was terrified but he was trapped: 'Ah, why, yes I do,' he stammered.

"'Well, finally,' said the manager. 'We were beginning to worry about you.'"

It is axiomatic in the newspaper business that a reporter's freedom increases proportionately to the distance he can get from his city editor and/or business manager.

In a moment of largess, INS ruled that any of its correspondents back from the Korean War fighting could eat and drink on the company during their leave. The rule came in for some fast revising when one of the bureau's cameramen returned from the front to Tokyo. He brought along a monumental thirst.

For four consecutive days, he stood toe to rail at the club bar, downing 'em personally and generously signing for drinks for the house. When the marathon bout was over, INS was rocked by an \$850 tab. The record hasn't been beaten since.

During the Korean War, all accredited correspondents were granted support privileges by the U. S. military authorities. This meant they could use army communications channels, get billeting, food—and a liberal liquor ration.

In April, 1952, however, this military assistance to the press corps ended. This posed a terrible crisis in club committee meetings. As a well-oiled service, the U. S. Army provides great quantities of tax-free liquor to its personnel and authorized civilians. A fifth of top brand gin costs 80c; a blended bourbon, \$1.50; Scotch, \$1.50, and Drambuie only \$2.50.

The loss of such a low-cost source of liquid refreshments was terrible. The club membership rose to the occasion.

Special budget appropriations were made and every available dollar raised was brought to a central buying group. Then, equipped with a convoy of trucks, the delegation headed out to the Army's liquor supply point for its last but absolutely greatest purchase.

That day, \$40,000 worth of booze was bought—probably the largest single buy in private club history.

Jim Cary of Associated Press and a club officer figures that as of now, the Foreign Correspondent's Club of Tokyo has a 2,000 year supply of creme de cocoa; 574 years' worth of creme de menthe; enough Old Hickory to last 72 years and quantities of California wine certain to outlast the estimated existence of the planet earth in the solar system.

The purchasers were too conservative, however, in their estimates on gin and whisky usage. The club went through its stock of the former in about three years. In view of the fact that members down about 125 cases of gin per month, this isn't too surprising. In the same period, though, only four bottles of vermouth were used.

(Continued on Page 50)



"Okay, you're the doctor."

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what would you do...



...if a
rain-soaked
lovely
like joan grant
sought refuge
at your
door...
would you give her a towel?...



an umbrella?



... or brandy and coffee?



would you invite joan
to watch tv,
listen to a symphony,
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PARADISE OF THE ORIENT (Continued from page 46)

An important milestone in press club history came when the social committee decided to placate irate gourmets in their midst, who claimed that too much attention was going to booze and broads and not enough to fine food.

One host was the Scandinavian Airlines system. It came through in historic fashion.

To begin with, the airline flew in the makings for a thirty-six-course smorgasbord from Sweden, Norway and Denmark. There were such delectable specialties as herrings in different sauces, eels, cheeses, traditional breads, lingonberries for pancakes—all associated with the famous Scandinavian style smorgasbord.

The huge buffet was prepared by Arne Olsen, the airline's flight service inspector, who was flown half way around the world to insure that the feast was prepared as befitting the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Topping off the gastronomical delights were twenty cases of Quavit—the Scandinavians' beloved schnapps.

It was quite a ball. But SAS had to make a good showing. Just the month before, Quantas, the Australian airline, threw the club's party and it promised to fly up a live kangaroo.

The Aussies had barrels of Melbourne beer flown in to go with a tremendous Down Under-style dinner. The Quantas top brass, though, couldn't go along with bringing in a huge, caroming kangaroo on a new DC-6B. They settled for a kola bear which provided the realistic Australian flavor.

Air France watched the affairs grow until finally the Tokyo manager pointed out that it was all very good for these other countries to make their humble efforts at presenting a gourmet's table. But now the Gailic delegation felt the club was ready for the *piece de resistance*. So French Night was scheduled.

The menus were printed in Paris. Marcel Chemery, *chef des cuisines* of Air France, flew in from Europe to give his personal attention to the table. A ton of food, wines and other material for the party were flown in from Paris. The final menu was as follows:

Canapes Champs-Elysees

Homard a l'Americaine

Riz Pilaff

Tournedos Air France avec sa garniture

Sorbet au Citron

Herisson de Foie Gras

Salad de Saison

Plateau de Fromages de France

Crepes Suzette

Corbeille de Fruits

In addition, there were magnums of champagne—Chateaux Margaux, 1950 and Chambertin, 1949.

It was a black tie affair. Long sleek limousines with diplomatic flags snapping from front bumper staffs, rolled up in a steady stream. The club was closed to all but French Night guests from seven p.m. From that magic moment on, the bar was "open"—i.e., drinks were served without charge. You merely named your choice, and a white-jacketed waiter produced it.

By-lines of the club's members are among the most respected in the business and scores of important books have been written by the men here.

New York Times correspondent, Robert Trumbull, is author of *Nine Who Survived Hiroshima and Nagasaki*. *Decision In Korea* was written by Rutherford Poats, a former club officer and ex-Tokyo UP Bureau chief, now in Washington, D.C.

Keyes Beech, noted Chicago Daily News foreign service correspondent and a veteran FCC member, wrote *Tokyo and Points East*, following one of his many tours here. Artist-author John Groth devoted considerable attention to the club, itself, in his fine book, *Studio: Asia*.

Earnest Hoberecht, UPI vice president for Asia, has written six novels. One of them, *Tokyo Romance*, sold more than 300,000 copies in its Japanese language version.

Bill Mauldin In Korea was partially written right in the club bar and Walt Sheldon, an old-line member, wrote *Troubling of a Star*.

Of course, few club habitués have equalled the success of James Michener whose *Sayonara*, *Bridge At Toko-ri* and *Floating World* resulted from his stays in the Far East.

The club today has more than a hundred regular members who are full-time editors, photographers and reporters who represent wire services, publications and radio and TV stations from all over the world.

The Foreign Correspondent's Club in Tokyo is not as pretentious as many in New York, San Francisco or other spots around the world. But it isn't the sleek appointments or the fancy furniture that have made this the place that it is.

Instead, the club is a setting in which sharp young men of the world relax over a drink, exchange tips and argue world affairs which often as not they have a personal hand in reporting.



RIGHT TO DIE (Continued from page 39)

Only then did the Americans begin to let up. To escape the heat, find a little relaxation, they flew into Caracas a couple times a month. The junkets began as nothing more than weekend sprees. But before too many weeks had gone by, Brad met Lydia, the smoldering British wife of a Swiss banker.

The financier was in Europe and soon Brad was being met at the airport by Lydia's chauffeur. The black Daimler whipped through the city's traffic to bring the grimy engineer to her estate, cool and fragrant with the scent of hibiscus and gardenia.

This was not the only change from the steaming jungle. Lydia's smooth, alabaster surface concealed only lightly a tempestuous soul. Here was a woman of love—and the love of a woman. She was not simply an impassioned girl and Brad appreciated the subtle difference.

Partially because he liked Venezuela but more because he loved Lydia, he stayed on in South America. The company appreciated his decision and rewarded the move with a promotion when he returned to the home office three years later.

The pace of Brad's life now was hectic but uninspired. The sine wave was at minus as he worked to find a new and larger apartment, to have it decorated, to fill it with furnishings he appreciated.

He lived without reserve for, unlike the men at his club, he had no need to stint in his expenditures of either money or energy. He was completely unconcerned about long-term investments, annuities or well-laid real estate plans.

His tomorrow was today.

The pace picked up. In late winter, he flew to Denver to study reports for an industrial development.

On a weekend, he joined friends who had a small cabin in the Rockies near Berthoud Pass.

The girls were excellent skiers and good skates. The days were clear and brilliant as they can only be in the Rockies; the nights were brittle with cold.

After an exhilarating day on the slopes and the slalom runs, they would return to the cabin for a round of drinks before the fire and an hour of welcomed relaxation before dinner. In the lazy evening hours, there was quiet talk, a night cap and another adventure as breathtaking as those on the mountain sides.

This almost could be the time, thought Brad. Can a man ask for, can he expect more from life than this?

That last night, a telegram came recalling one of his friends to New York. His fiancee went back with him as did her roommate and the party abruptly ended.

A mining assignment in southwestern Texas came next and Brad found the insufferable prairie town completely incapable of supporting even a semblance of the life he loved. It was months before he was back East again, where he proceeded to make up for the time wasted on the desert.

There were opening nights, incredible parties and a succession of women that changed only in the ability to exceed in quality the one before.

And in this achievement, Brad moved inexorably toward his decided destiny. He had set into motion the forces that would find their culmination only in his ultimate destruction.

He devoted himself to hedonics with the vigor of a fanatic driven toward a chosen goal which would not be denied him. Though almost ten years had passed since the *Idea* had first come to him, he did not lose sight of it. Gradually the details presented themselves to him.

The method was selected: a fast-acting poison. It could be administered most conveniently and with a minimum of bother.

The place, too, was soon determined by circumstances. It would be Cuernavaca.

Brad had been in Mexico for several weeks when he was swept up by a group of European businessmen and a scattering of American expatriates.

One of the latter owned an estate outside Cuernavaca to which Brad was invited. He drove down from Mexico City and let himself sink into the impossible world of music and romance and flowers that this hacienda supported.

If it needed just one thing to make it perfect, Madge was that magic something. She was a woman of dignity and beauty, reserved, yet not moody—certainly not repressed. For three days and three nights, she and Brad were together, fused into a single being that embodied what the Orientals believe are the five elements of life—sky, water, air, earth and fire.

Brad knew that more than what he had now did not exist. He had lived a full life. This was the time.

It was Tuesday. The evening had grown a bit cool and he was quite happy. Happy enough to die.

When Madge excused herself briefly after dinner, Brad returned to his room.

From a corner pocket of his leather shaving kit he drew out a tiny ampoule. He slipped it into the pocket of his white dinner jacket, glanced around him for assurance that everything was neat, and returned to Madge.

She waited with fresh drinks at the edge of the swimming pool. Lights from the house reflected fitfully in the nervous water. The night was fragrant and soft as they can be only in Cuernavaca. From the opposite side of the high stucco wall came the soft ripple of a woman's voice, a wind-carried snatch of radio music, then quiet.

They were there for almost an hour, talking softly or sitting in pensive silence. The night wind stirred the great, dry hands of the palm trees.

"It's cool for you here, Madge," he said finally. "Why don't you go inside? I'll be there in a couple of minutes."

She drew herself from his arms, stood up, started to turn, then faced him.

"I want you to take me with you when you leave here, Brad. I don't care where you go, I want to be with you. Of all the men I have ever known, only you have a real goal in life. You know what you want, where you are going."

Brad started to speak, but she touched her fingers to his lips.

"Wait, please. Don't say a word. Listen to me," she said.

"I'm tired of gay, charming young men. They're so witty and so much fun. Then, they begin to bore you with their prattle about the future and the wonderful things that lie ahead.

"I don't want men like that anymore. I want you. Maybe you're tired of foolish girls. I don't know. But I think you are."

"Let the young, passionate things have each other, Brad. Let them make their plans and dream their dreams. We're too wise for that. And yet, maybe because we've lived a bit already, there's just that much more ahead."

She stopped speaking as suddenly as she had started. Brad did not answer.

He looked hard at the shadowy figure before him, then turned and stared at the pool. Reflected in the water he could see their images, swirling and trembling.

He lifted his glass and spoke a toast, a tribute with his eyes to the woman and to his secret. Then he slipped his left hand into his jacket pocket, paused and raised the drink.

For an instant he peered hard at the undulating waters. Then he drank quickly and deeply.

As he did the metallic surface of the pool was shattered by a tiny something that sent wild, pulsating circles of ripples before it sank out of sight.

"What in hell is this Tom stuff?" I cried. "Who the hell is Tom?"

She stretched herself like a kitten looking for a rubbing. "Now, Eddie Boy," she purred, "don't fret yourself. I was just carried away. I've never had a man like you. Tom's only my husband. Let's don't worry about him."

For some reason I did worry and told her so.

She shook her head. "You've got what I want—and I'm ready, Eddie." She started playing with the curly mass on my chest.

"What's his name?" I barked. Things were adding up.

"Harrison. Tom Harrison," she said, in an innocent, sweet voice. "You should know him."

"Christ!" I exploded. "I knew it. You never get anything like this for free. There goes my job."

Her searching kisses calmed me. And then she told me.

She knew who I was all the time. Tom had written her in New York, all about me. He piqued her curiosity, telling her he was shipping me off to Beirut before she got to barren Baghdad. He didn't trust me an inch with a glamorous creature like her.

So she just decided to stop off in Beirut and see for herself what she might miss. And she liked her men.

I must have been scowling, for she gave me a tingling kiss and a long look, saying:

"There, don't worry about him, Eddie Boy. He's only what he is, because of me, and now that I've had you, you'll make out even better. My father owns Consolidated Oil."

Later, even though I was still spinning in amorous pleasure, I couldn't help but think what Tom and Baghdad would look like when we got there.



Ode to Frustration

*The young maid lit the candle
and looked beneath her bed.
We do not know her reason,
but know it was not dread.

She peered around intently
but no man was about—
So with a sigh, our poor young maiden
just blew the candle out.*



BETTER HAIR . . .



Every hair that ever grew on the head of any man or woman, got every particle of its substance in only one way — from the blood stream. Massage of the scalp will usually increase the circulation of blood there. But this means more hair only if the blood stream is carrying the right hair-building materials.

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- (4) Prompt reduction of falling hair.
- (5) Increased waviness for those who already had some tendency toward a wave.
- (6) Feeling of well-being, livelier health and energy.

References: Taken from the published research papers on the growth of hair caused by these ingredients—reports with exact page references from *Physiological Reviews*, *Science*, *Journal of Biological Chemistry* and other technical journals will be given free with each order along with further suggestions for care of hair, and what vitamins to avoid.

Guarantee: Although we cannot yet promise greater hair growth to every user of Cy-B-7, we do guarantee that if for any reason you are not fully satisfied with your very first bottleful, you may, within one year of purchase, return the empty bottle and we will promptly refund your money. We have great confidence in our product.

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Be sure to send with my order your FREE suggestions for care of hair, advice on which vitamins to avoid, and reports from the technical journals.

A-BROADING ABROAD

(Continued from page 43)

aid of exotic records, liquors, and costumes on a willing travel companion—one is not limited to hard facts that call for cash and custom inspections (except as a sweet variation of the game) and inoculations (other than those of one's own devising). Here the master traveler can answer the call of far away places and still answer the necessary call to work on Monday morning with a sweet hangover of a weekend in a Japanese bath house lingering in his bones—and be sustained through the work week with dreams of another foreign jaunt next weekend to delight the mind and body.

RETURNING HOME:

The crux of the good traveler problem is the art of returning home. Home movies with tape recorder sounds, reams of tedious tales of torrid make-believe, and plastic imitations of the head-shrinker's art will leave you a lonely, bitter and frustrated old man. Shouting in public streets, "I'm home! I'm home!" will only get you a "You've been away?"

The flunky tries to splash home. The master never really returns home at all. He eases into the daily routine and no one knows he has been away until he drops a casual, "When I was investigating prostitution among the apes in Bangkok last month . . ."—jaws drop and the trap is sprung. Our hero is begged to share all his adventures in full color and stereophonic sound by his mundane, rut-worn friends—which he wisely refused to do. But over the years he lets himself be sweet-talked into dripping small honeyed drops of his travels, real and imaginary, and the thrill lingers on forever after.



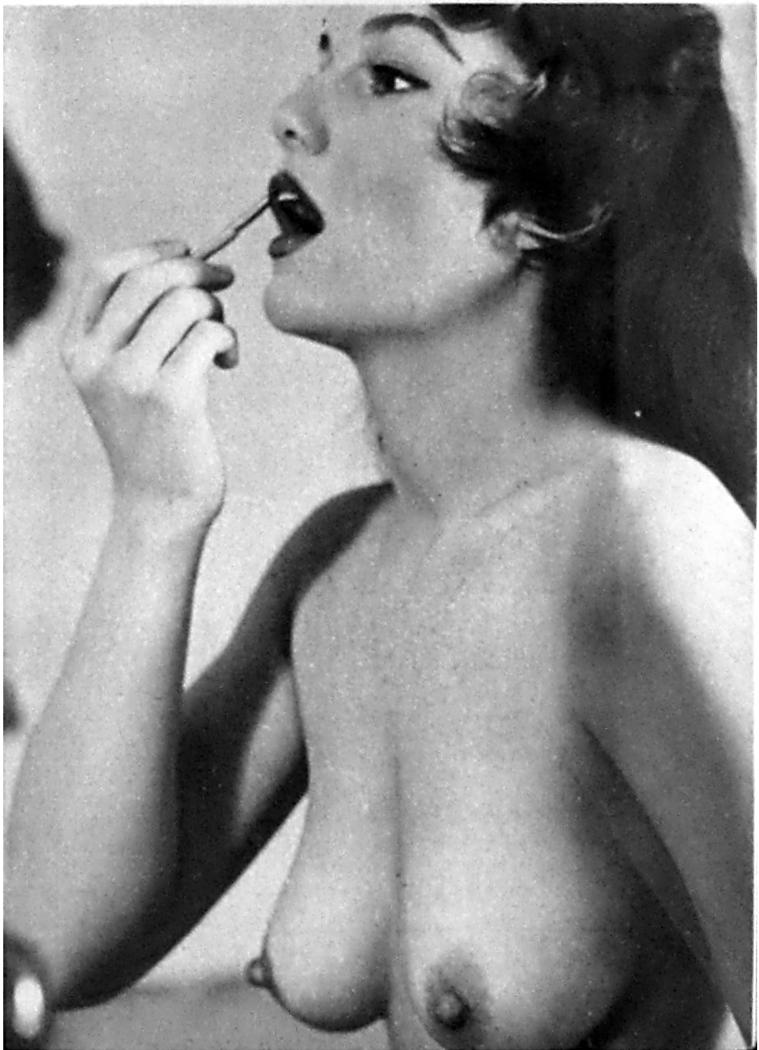
HOW TO RATE YOUR DATE

As a public service to the so-called Male Animal, SPREE herewith offers this rating system for determining whether *that* girl is really the right one for you. Judge accordingly, then give it some thought. Maybe your boudoir needs remodeling for greater efficiency. If you consider yourself a complete bust in selecting partners, we suggest you read the next 12 issues of SPREE for helpful hints.



What does she prefer for the bedtime hours?

- Your pajama tops
- Brings her own shortie gown?
- Convinces you she's a true nature child



our efficient
center spread
girl, shirley skates,
wonders how
your girl stacks up
against her charms

Does she turn her back to disrobe—

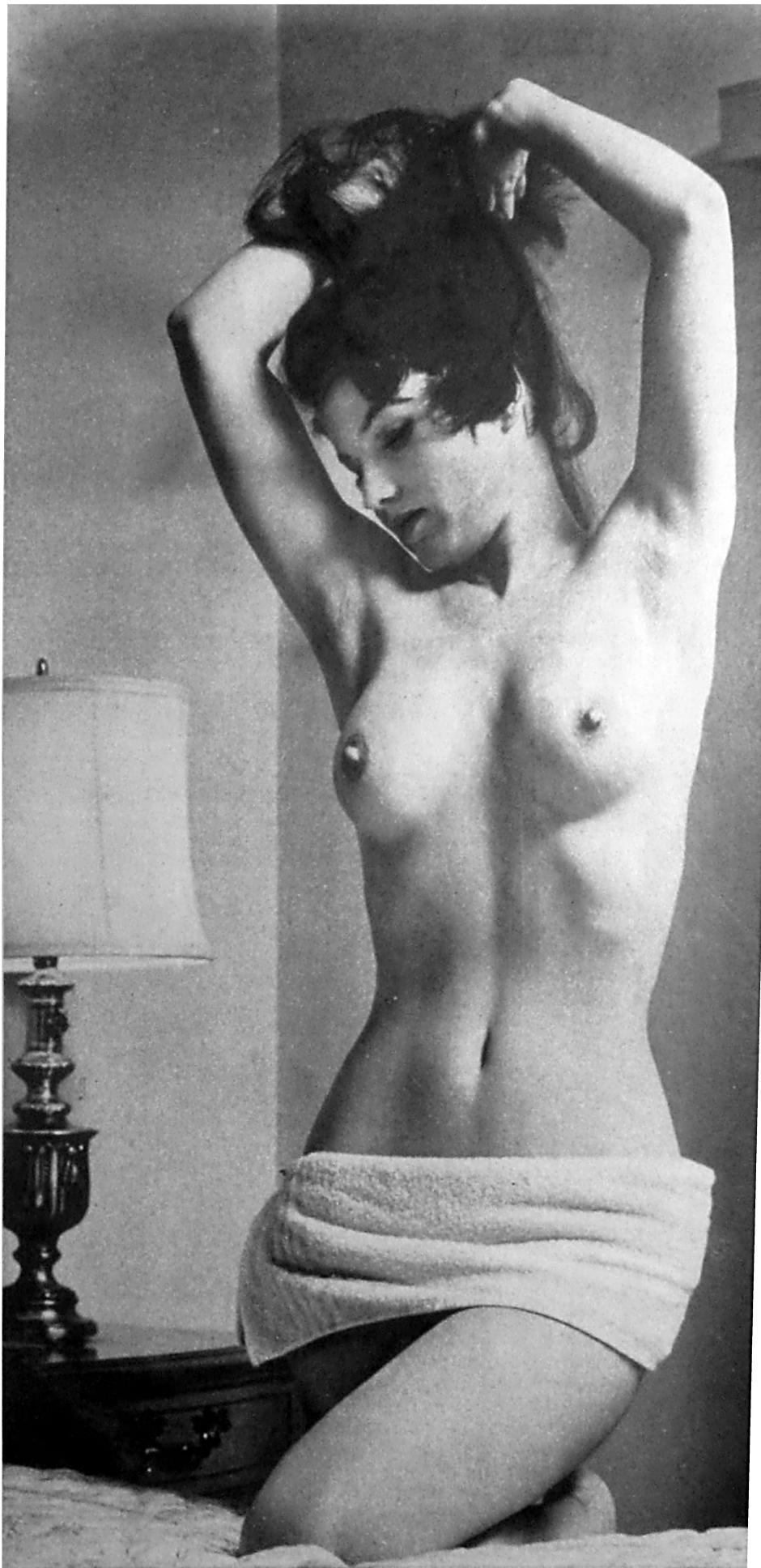
- Only before sundown?*
- I'm a gentleman and haven't noticed*
- When she knows I'm looking?*

Does she renew her makeup—

- Before bedding down?*
- Before breakfast?*
- At unlikely hours when she should be asleep?*

What does she do with her hair?

- Puts it up in pin-curls*
- Suggests you foot the bill for a visit to the beauty salon*
- Says to hell with it, and lets nature take its course*



Which side of the bed does she prefer?

- The side closest to the bar*
- The middle—so neither of you'll sleep*
- The side nearest the fire escape so she can escape if there's a raid*

When does she want to go home?

- As soon as she knows you're asleep*
- When she's talked you into taxi fare*
- When all sources of conversation are exhausted*

Got your answers? Well, don't look for us to rate you, brother. We've got problems of our own. But the fact remains that you've been given a yardstick by which to measure the efficiency and even the underlying motives of that girl you've been dating. Personally, we plan on marking out the ratings and just looking at the pictures. Less wear and tear on the nervous system that way!

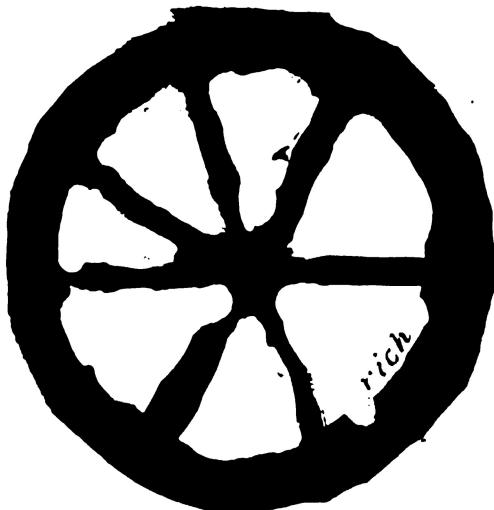




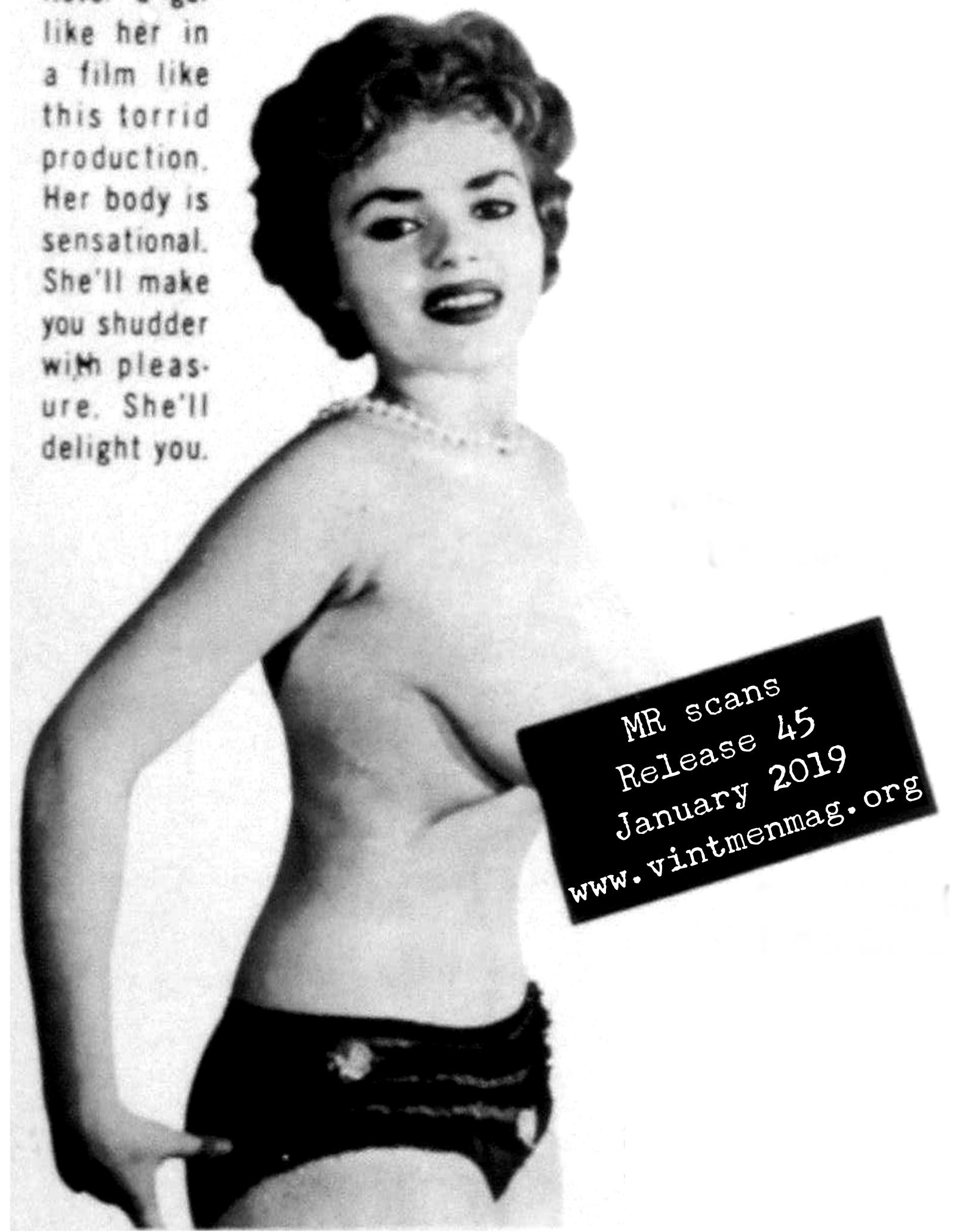
Spree

**A-BROADING ABROAD:
SPREE'S TRAVELOGUE
OF FOREIGN FEMMES**

**HOW TO
RATE YOUR DATE**



like her in
a film like
this torrid
production.
Her body is
sensational.
She'll make
you shudder
with pleas-
ure. She'll
delight you.

A black and white pin-up photograph of a woman with dark, curly hair. She is wearing a white, lace-trimmed, off-the-shoulder top and dark, possibly black, lingerie. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is plain and light-colored.

MR scans
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